Claud Cockburn: More Memories of 1939

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CONTENTS

COMMENTS ON THE WEEK'S NEWS . . Page 326
WHICH STALIN DID YOU KNOW, COMRADE? . 328
THE COLD CLASS WAR. By Tom Burns . . 330
LONDON DIARY. By Critic . . 331
THIS ENGLAND 332
A SONG FOR ST. GOSSARD'S DAY. By Reginald Reynolds 332
IN AND OUT THE EAGLE.—II. By Claud Cockburn 332
FLEET STEET NOTEBOOK. By Francis Williams 334
HALF-WAY TO SODOM. By Naomi Mitchison 336
HERE'S MUD ON YOUR MINK. By Marghanita Laski 337
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:
  Okay for Sound. By Tom Driberg . . 338
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT—*contd.* *Page*
  What's On. By T. C. Worsley . . . 338
  Mainly Zoological. By William Whitebait 340
CORRESPONDENCE 340
  From Rt. Hon. George Strauss, M.P.; Barbara Castle, M.P.; Dr. Nicolas Malleson; F. L. Wheeler; W. G. McCullough; Norman MacDermott; Charles Eade; Hugh Heckstall-Smith; Graham Wootton.
BOOKS IN GENERAL:
  "Let in the North Tonight." By Janet Adam Smith 344
REVIEWS:
  Holy Comrades. By Paul Johnson . 345
  No Heretics. By H. R. Trevor-Roper . 346
REVIEWS—*contd.* *Page*
  Towards the Nuclear Age. By George Thomson 346
  A Question of Status. By Rayner Heppenstall 348
  Death and the Maiden. By G. W. Stonier 348
  The Other Half World. By Naomi Lewis 349
  Kill or Cure? By V. S. Pritchett . 349
  Evil, Be Thou My Good. By R. H. S. Crossman 350
  The Realm of Good Intentions. By Ralph Partridge 351
CITY LIGHTS. By Taurus 351
WEEK-END COMPETITION 352
THE CHESS BOARD. By Assiac . . . 352
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square . . 353

Musical Chairs at Lancaster House

FOR three weeks now a remarkably undignified performance has been taking place in the stately salons of Lancaster House. There, the delegates to the U.N. disarmament sub-committee, after a protracted scuffle of musical chairs, are busy sorting out their respective positions; and to their astonishment, Messrs. Nutting, Stassen and Moch have discovered that Mr. Gromyko is now in possession of all the chairs. Every single item in the proposals Russia tabled last week has been, at one time or another, put forward by the western powers. So far as conventional weapons are concerned, there would seem to be nothing more to argue about: Russia has met all the West's conditions, and agreement must be a *fait accompli*.

To come to such a naive conclusion would be, alas, to ignore the Alice-in-Wonderland logic in which East-West negotiations are conducted. There are two basic rules. Everything Russia proposes is bad. Everything the West proposes is good—until Russia proposes it too. No sooner had the western delegates raised their tired cold war eyes from the Russian text than their complaints began. The levels of conventional forces proposed by Russia were too low "in the present state of world tension." (Precisely: this is the whole point of disarmament.) They did not solve the problem of nuclear weapons. (They were not meant to.) Russia wanted disarmament not for altruistic but for economic reasons. (Don't we all—and does it matter, anyway?)

These pitiful western commentaries fall below even the standards of cold war doublethink to which we have become accustomed. They are also irrelevant. The fact is that, whether agreement is secured or not, the Russians mean to reduce their arms. The factories of the Urals and the Volga may already be switching over from tanks and guns to tractors and machinery—destined for the uncommitted third of the world. Russia's proposals may fall on deaf ears in Lancaster House, but they bring a promise of increased economic help to Djakarta, Delhi and Rangoon.

The West, it seems, is about to allow yet another battle in the struggle for world opinion to go by default. It is, therefore, all the more welcome that at this precise moment M. Mollet should have chosen to draw up a profound and searching indictment of western policy. The West, he said, was mesmerised by the words "military defence." The real key to a peaceful settlement was disarmament—and this must be given absolute priority. The problem of German reunification could be solved only in this context. Nato should be transformed from a military organisation into a collective instrument for economic co-operation. And western aid to the backward countries should be distributed not by individual nations but through the U.N. These proposals constitute a revolution in western thinking. M. Mollet summed them up in one telling phrase: the changes taking place in Russia, he said, might be important or they might not; but by constructive changes in western policy we could ensure that they became real and permanent.

Unfortunately, the western leadership is in no fit state to appreciate, let alone act upon, the essential wisdom of M. Mollet's message. Washington has once more plunged deep into the maelstrom of the presidential election. At home, the government is too demoralised, its leader too fearful for his own future, to undertake a fundamental reassessment of our policy. For these reasons, a heavy responsibility falls upon the leaders of the Labour Party. For years, their thinking on international affairs has been frozen into the conventional mould of cold war bi-partisanship. Now, from across the Channel, another Socialist party proclaims a new and vital doctrine. By following M. Mollet's lead, Labour could take a decisive step towards transforming Socialism from an agent of internal reform into an international movement capable of challenging world Communism on its own ground. Has Labour the courage, the imagination and the sense of urgency, to seize its uncovenanted chance?

Comments on the Week's News

The Western Powers and the Arabs

This week's considerable diplomatic activity between London and Washington on Middle Eastern problems reflects a good deal more than western concern over the Israeli frontier. It marks British anxiety to formulate, before Sir Anthony Eden has to face Bulganin and Krushchev in private conclave, a western policy to which the U.S. can be trusted to adhere. It has become increasingly obvious in recent weeks that there are still wide divergences between Britain and America and that Sir Anthony's visit to Washington last January did little to resolve them. There is, in fact, a dichotomy of view in Washington: the President's desire to bolster the prestige of Nato and the Baghdad Pact crosses at a number of points with the desire (widely reflected in the State Department) to manœuvre British oil interests out of their privileged position on the Persian Gulf. It is no secret that Sir Anthony proposes to raise with Bulganin and Krushchev the question of Soviet diplomacy in the Middle East; indeed if serious talks are to take place he could hardly do otherwise. But his chance of playing a successful hand will be enormously lessened unless he can convince the Russians that he is no longer at loggerheads with the U.S. In any case, he is likely to be playing from weakness, as this week's proceedings in the Security Council show clearly. Mr. Sobolev's allegation that "certain western states" were planning "armed intervention in the Middle East in violation of the rights of sovereign Arab states" was certainly a piece of calculated cynicism: it was also probably untrue. But what matters more is that it will have been widely believed in the Arab world. In fact the American resolution requesting the Secretary-General to undertake a personal survey of the Israeli frontier and to "arrange for the adoption of measures . . . [which] would reduce existing tensions" was both practical and, one would have said, substantially uncontroversial. It is a measure of the weakness of the western position *vis à vis* the Arabs that Mr. Sobolev was able to turn it into a fairly effective instrument of Soviet propaganda.

Mr. Nehru on Kashmir

The Indian Premier did not strengthen his case in Kashmir by quoting Bulganin and Krushchev in his favour; they were merely wooing Indian opinion when they declared that Kashmir is "legally, constitutionally and practically" part of India. Legally? Yes, for Pakistan troops were deliberately sent into Kashmir when the tribes raided it in 1947, and it was when the Maharajah feared that Srinaga would share the fate of Baramula that he acceded to India and legalised India's occupation of Jammu and the Valley. Constitutionally? On this we should like to hear more of Mr. Nehru's reflections about the revolt that pushed Sheik Abdullah out of power and which has kept him a prisoner ever since. Practically? Here comes the point. Everyone knows that Jammu was as effectively made part of India by the violence of the Sikhs and Dogras as the areas of the north were made part of Pakistan by the violence of the tribesmen. Practically, Kashmir has been partitioned ever since 1947, and short of a war, which neither Pakistan nor India wants, it will remain so. Unfortunately neither India nor Pakistan has been willing to say openly what their governments will now admit in private, that the legal demand for sovereignty of the whole of Kashmir is unreal. Mr. Nehru has, however, cleared up another almost equally troublesome confusion. His offer of a plebiscite at the time of the Maharajah's accession was hasty and ill-judged, and he does not intend, and never has seriously intended, to agree to a procedure which would enable Pakistan to run a militant campaign on communal lines. That is something that Delhi could never accept, for India has within her frontiers some 35 million Muslims, and Nehru has kept his word when he promised, in contrast to Pakistan theocracy, that India should be a modern democratic state in which minorities might live at peace. Now that the worst confusions are cleared up and some of the mistakes admitted, Mr. Nehru encourages us to hope for, as he says, "a practical approach to the problem." A practical approach demands that both sides cease to pretend to a legal ownership of the whole country, that thoughts of war should be completely ruled out and a settlement should be sought with attention given solely to the welfare of the people of Kashmir.

Sedition, Immunity and Infamy

The U.S. Supreme Court has reached important decisions on two civil liberty cases. The first, upholding the appeal of a Communist leader named Steve Nelson, was a six-to-three judgment that a state may not pass sedition laws which penalise anyone advocating the violent overthrow of the federal government. This field, in the Court's view, has been pre-empted by the overriding legislation of Congress; and its rejection of the Pennsylvania statute under which Nelson was convicted will apply to similar statutes in all but a few of the 48 states. The second decision upheld the Immunity Act, under which a witness may no longer successfully plead the Fifth Amendment (which protects him against self-incrimination) if the government offers him immunity for any offence. This Act is a device designed to force witnesses to testify or go to prison for contempt, and it was conceived to get round the defence which Communists and ex-Communists employed before investigating committees. Justices Douglas and Black dissented from this judgment, pointing out that the Fifth Amendment was intended not only as a protection against prosecution "but as a safeguard of conscience and human dignity and freedom of expression." They argued that it is beyond the power of Congress to *compel* anyone to confess to a crime. Moreover, immunity from conviction is not enough. While the Act may protect a man from legal action, it cannot possibly protect him from loss of his job, from disqualification for a passport, or from other social pains and penalties, all of which may follow from his forced confession. The Fifth Amendment, as the two dissenting justices insisted, was also intended to protect a man from infamy—a punishment known to and disliked by the men who drafted the Constitution and, unfortunately, known and employed by contemporary witch-hunters.

NEXT WEEK

Spring Books

An enlarged issue including

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL: The Thirties
NANCY MITFORD: Versailles
R. H. S. CROSSMAN: Truman and MacArthur
NEGLEY FARSON: Africa To-day
KINGSLEY MARTIN: The Webb Diaries
A. J. P. TAYLOR: Second International

Mr. Pollitt Sees it Through

If the British Communist Party congress last week-end was not as tedious as usual, that was because a few critical speeches were wedged in between long orthodox reports from the platform and short orthodox reports from the floor. But the critically minded were clearly in a minority, and even the secret session was undramatic. Most of the delegates were ready to help the leadership through this crisis, and they allowed the platform to select the speakers in the secret session from a previously prepared list, just as they voted—for the first time in a secret ballot—for the official panel of candidates for the executive committee. Party loyalty and monolithic discipline prevailed, even in the shadow of events that have shamed and compromised the party leadership. Mr. Pollitt's "revelations" about Stalin (much less dramatic than the public statements already made by European Communist leaders) were taken in good part, and there was some discussion of past errors of policy and tactics in Britain. But neither the leadership nor most of the delegates showed that they are yet ready to make a fresh start: they were merely adapting themselves to another new line with the minimum possible inconvenience. That may be the reason why the only important debate was held in private. The party leaders are probably less concerned about the comments of the "capitalist press" than about the impact that uninhibited inside party criticism would have had on the rank-and-file. Having suppressed criticism in the past, they now wish to keep it within manageable limits. No doubt, they are preparing to make some "adjustments" in the next few months. John Gollan may replace Harry Pollitt; the executive may sponsor "creative" criticism of Socialist realism, Lysenkist biology and Stalin's economic theory. Such a "reform" changes nothing. If there are critics within the Communist Party who wish to achieve independence and integrity, they will see from this congress how hard it is to shake the self-deception of their fellow-members and to persuade their leaders, who have everything to lose, to permit a thorough-going inquest.

Shopworkers and Wage Restraint

The first, and negative, reaction from a large trade union to Mr. Macmillan's plea for wage restraint came last week-end from the shopworkers' union. The U.S.D.A.W. conference decided to press for wage increases, but left the union executive a free hand to decide the amount and timing of claims. (Last year the conference committed the executive to a claim for an extra 15 shillings a week, and the year before to a 15 per cent. demand.) Mr. Alan Birch, the general secretary, hinted during the wage debate that the executive would give the government an opportunity to fulfil its pledge to stabilise prices before finally making up its mind. Much will depend on the budget, and on which of two schools of thought in Whitehall finally wins over the Chancellor. The division is still deep. While Sir Anthony hankers vaguely after a Crippsian "gentlemen's agreement" on wages, prices and profits, the Treasury still believes that prices should be allowed to rise to mop up purchasing power. In the last six months, the government has been falling between these two stools, appealing plaintively for wage restraint, and then infuriating the unions by pushing up prices through higher purchase taxes and subsidy cuts. It has also committed the psychological error of asking the T.U.C. to put pressure on member unions to abate their demands. In fact the T.U.C. has no authority over the wage policies of individual unions, and it dislikes being invited to promise what it cannot perform. At the same time T.U.C. thinking on wages is by no means entirely negative. In his speech to the shopworkers, Mr. Birch referred to the need for "adapting wage levels and wages structures to increased productivity" and for a "more co-ordinated policy" rather than a "sectional scramble for individual advance." This suggestion of a more selective approach to wage demands may be sketched out in greater detail when the T.U.C. produces its own economic survey, now expected some time in May.

News from our Own Correspondents

Paris

The Skin Test

Our Paris Correspondent writes: General Weygand, that arch-enemy of change, summed up the whole thing neatly last Saturday: "What a good thing that a left-wing government is in power," he wrote. "It can use its special powers in Algeria far more thoroughly than a conservative one would dare. And nobody can accuse it of Fascism!" True enough; indeed, a government presided over by M. Pinay or M. Laniel would have shuddered at the idea of the steps which that good Socialist, M. Mollet, took over Easter week-end. A partial mobilisation of conscripts, a round-up of all North Africans in Paris, the arrest of Claude Bourdet—all the things that M. Legendre, the pope of the beetroot lobby, has been demanding for years, and all done by a Socialist government! No wonder the Right is rejoicing. They have induced in the Socialist Ministers a sort of collective desire to prove themselves true "patriots" (not according to the definition in *Larousse,* but the one supplied by the *colons* and Marshal Juin). Anyone who wants to spend an ironic hour could do worse than thumb through the back numbers of *Le Populaire,* the official Socialist organ. When, for instance, a group of young conscripts mutinied at the Gare de Lyon last October, *Le Populaire* was quick to take up the cudgels on their behalf and proclaim that "French youth has the right to refuse to allow itself to be sucked into a colonialist war." Today, of course, for some unexplained reason —the rotten tomatoes which bespattered M. Mollet's blue serge suit in Algiers?—the "colonialist war" has become "the defence of France's vital interests," and M. Bourdet, who was rash enough to reiterate *Le Populaire's* views, finds himself accused of "corrupting the morale of the French army."

And worse was to follow. The next afternoon, squads of helmeted police cordoned off whole quarters of Paris and arrested everyone suspected of being a North African. Anyone with a rather dark skin, or behaving in a manner which the police judged to be "Algerian," was bundled into a *pannier à salade* and whisked off to the police stations—for five hours of "verification." Some 5,000—including a miscellaneous assortment of Greeks, Armenians and others who failed to pass the "skin test"—were caught in the net. And all this, it should be added, despite emphatic assurance from North African organisations that no demonstration had been planned or even contemplated. Algerians living in France, needless to say, enjoy the full rights of French citizens; and there is not the slightest legal or constitutional basis for such a procedure. But, as General Weygand complacently remarks, you can't accuse a Socialist government of Fascism.

Meanwhile, its "patriotic" policy in Algeria is leading the government deeper and deeper into trouble. The precarious agreements so recently drawn up with Morocco and Tunisia are already in jeopardy. Last week, Bourguiba issued a solemn warning to France. However anxious, he said, the Tunisians were to promote friendly relations with France, they could not just stand by and watch their Algerian brothers being massacred. A similar note was struck by the Sultan of Morocco in a message to the now respectable "rebels" of the Rif: those who had taken up arms against France, he said, were "the pride of the nation." From this it is only a small step towards recognising the Algerian rebels themselves. And if the war spreads to the whole of the Magreb, how many more reservists will have to be called, how many more concentration camps will have to be built, how many more political somersaults will M. Mollet have to perform?

New York

Odds On, Odds Against

Our New York Correspondent writes: Nothing demonstrates the volatility of American politics more clearly than the complete reversal of the odds in the presidential sweepstakes. It seemed that the Republicans would be faced with a wide-open field and that the Democratic nomination was a foregone conclusion. The reverse is now true. President Eisenhower's announcement has eliminated all other contenders in the Republican party and Adlai Stevenson's defeat in the Minnesota primary has raised the hopes of other Democrats. While there may be a bitter fight at the Chicago convention, the Republican convention in San Francisco is likely to be little more than a public testimonial to Ike.

Adlai Stevenson's setback has been taken as a gain for the more radical elements in the Democratic Party. Estes Kefauver, it is argued, has been so successful because he has been prepared to offer the electorate what it wants without ever feeling the need to make provisos and practical qualifications. Stevenson, on the other hand, has been much less forthright and has tried to persuade the public to share his own intellectual reservations. The politicians have decided—some of them perhaps sadly—that this is no way to win votes, though few of the "machine" men are able to warm to Kefauver. They dislike his amateurism and his regular flouting of organisational discipline. That is why, in public at least, there has been no wholesale desertion from the Stevenson camp. As the one candidate who can unify the various factions within the Democratic Party, Stevenson still seems like the best candidate to many of its leaders. But from now on he will be forced to take a more aggressive line; he has to convince the party leaders that he retains his 1952 vote-getting appeal. Should he fail to gain a decisive victory over Kefauver in the California primary on June 5, it is generally agreed that he would lose all chance of the Democratic nomination.

While the two leading contenders are busy tugging at the "grass-root" vote in California, each of the "dark horses" is cautiously manœuvring to become the compromise candidate. Senator Stuart Symington of Missouri—who is identified with the centre on most issues—is increasingly being mentioned for this role. The South has little objection to him. He comes from a border state. Even more important, perhaps, is that he comes from Harry Truman's state and got his start in politics from the ex-President, who appointed him as the first Secretary of the Air Force. The liberal wing of the party views him with some distaste—he is regarded as the leading spokesman for the aviation lobby and consequently as a sabre-rattler in foreign affairs. But the liberals' own candidates—Governor Harriman or Governor Williams of Michigan—can probably be blocked by a South-Middle West coalition.

Cardiff

A Parliament for Wales ?

A Welsh Correspondent writes: It would be easy, too easy, to make out a case that the Parliament for Wales Campaign, now ending, has been a spectacular failure. Its monster parliamentary petition, which is being handed over this week-end at Dolgelly to the five Welsh Labour M.P.s who have been supporting the campaign, turns out to be the familiar kind of Welsh monster—an ordinary-sized creature inflated by the magic of the reported word. Far more signatures were hoped for than the quarter of a million which is likely to be the grand total; and even of this number there are a few who signed simply to keep peace with their friends. This disappointment could easily be seen as simply the last of a series. In May, 1954, for instance, after Mr. James Griffiths had shovelled scorn on the Nationalists, the ex-Liberals and the ex-Conservatives who marched with the parliament forces and had appealed to his fellow Socialists neither to "rebuild Offa's Dyke" nor "take Wales outside the main stream of political life," the Welsh Regional Labour Council supported their executive's proscription of the campaign by the crushing vote of 158 to 8. But in spite of the threat of expulsion from the party inherent in the proscription, the campaign prospered and the five Labour M.P.s continued to support it. The executive's decision not to expel these five hardy campaigners may have been governed by its celebrated benevolence or it may have been by the knowledge that in these five constituencies the desire for a Welsh parliament does not seem incompatible with support for the Labour Party. Moreover, four of these five are marginal seats. One of them is Brecon and Radnor, represented by Mr. Tudor Watkins, who has said: "I am a Welshman first and a Socialist second." Farther north in Merioneth, Caernarvon and Anglesey, this sense of nationality is even keener. There, where most people seem to want a parliament, it would not pay a Labour candidate not to want one, even if such a Labour man could be found. It was, however, in the heavily populated industrial south, where power increasingly lies, that converts were needed. The demands and discontents do not, for all the sympathy they arouse, stimulate active political support; and there has not yet been any serious visible sign of this support.

Westminster

The Ones That Got Away

M.P.'s—of all parties—are as anxious to tell you about how they failed to catch the Speaker's eye as fishermen are to tell you about the "one that got away." Indeed, the frustration arising from prepared but undelivered speeches is a parliamentary occupational disease.

But the disease seems to have spread further and faster in this parliament, though barely twelve months old, than in any I have known and is producing signs of demoralisation. Some normally active members, after repeatedly sitting through debates without being called, have given up the struggle and, instead of preparing speeches for delivery in the House of Commons, put whatever points they have into letters to *The Times*.

A part of the trouble is oratorical inflation—too many members chasing too little time. There are in the House some 620 members. Not all of them, of course, ever want to speak in the same debate. There are, in fact, a very few who don't want, and won't try, to speak in any debate however long they remain members. But, at least in an important debate, there may easily be a hundred pregnancies with time at the most for only twenty deliveries. Probably, because those who are called generally speak for too long—when the sun shines they not only make hay but grind the corn as well—only a dozen speakers will get in. Of these, four will be from the front bench and at least two will be ex-front bench Privy Councillors who, for reasons which do not seem to have been clearly explained, have the right to be called in any debate they choose. That leaves six satisfied back-benchers and 88 convinced that they are victims of a conspiracy.

As a fellow sufferer, I have great sympathy with them. When a member wants to speak he normally begins by writing a note to the Speaker, putting the main points he wishes to make and perhaps adding a plaintive little postscript that he has not spoken for six months. He then spends a day preparing his speech. On the day of the debate, he makes sure of being in the House at half-past three and listens carefully to 50 minutes from the leading government spokesman. At the end of this speech he jumps to his feet, stares at the Speaker in a marked manner, then glances behind him to see that 40 of his colleagues, including the Right Hon. Fred and the Right Hon. John, have also jumped to their feet. He sits down with an inward groan. He then listens attentively to 50 minutes from the opposition front bench. When that speech is over, he jumps again, glares at the Speaker, and the Speaker calls someone on the opposite benches. Our man then leaves the Chamber, goes through the division lobby and, behind the Speaker's chair, joins a queue of pallid aspirants who are trying to find what their prospects are. When at last he reaches the chair and switches on his most ingratiating smile, the Speaker has gone for a cup of tea and his deputy says: "Well, the Speaker hasn't got you on his first list, I'm afraid. The Right Hon. Fred is next on your side. And then I've got to get the Right Hon. John in. Then so-and-so is making a maiden and the Whips have specially asked for Miss so-and-so to be called. I'd try again about six when the Speaker comes back."

So back he goes to the Chamber, pausing only for a quick cigarette, listens to the Right Hon. Fred and the Right Hon. John only to see if they steal any of his points and listens to his opponents only to provide himself with an opening sentence which, if he were suddenly called next, would make it look as if he were debating instead of just reeling off a speech which he had rehearsed in front of the looking-glass the night before. So he goes on, jumping up eagerly, sitting down again gloomily. It is small wonder that after such experiences some members give up altogether, thus making the Speaker's impossibly difficult selection job slightly easier.

But those who, while abandoning the big debates, still persist in trying to speak in smaller ones, find a new difficulty which has nothing to do with catching the Speaker's eye. There are, in fact, plenty of chances to speak—on the no-time-limit Estimates debates, on the Consolidated Fund, on various orders and, if a member is prepared to give his time to the working party concerned, on the committee stage of a whole range of bills. The trouble here is that those who have no intention of speaking tend to resent those who have when it gets towards 11 p.m. and train time. A group of members may have worked hard on a bill, found a number of points on which they feel strongly and be set to challenge the government. But the eleven o'clock shadow begins to creep over the Chamber, rumbles percolate upstairs from the bars below, each new speaker is greeted with groans even from his own side and at last a Whip sends round the word that "we'd better pack this in." So frustration rides again.

It would, I think, be serious if this demoralisation were to spread. It is true that many speeches, delivered or undelivered in the House, are intended only for the local paper as an advertisement to his constituents that their member is not, as they thought, dead. But many others contain new and important points and, when reported in the press, help to make politics more interesting and more understandable and so contribute to the proper working of democracy. More important still, by sharing in debates, even less important ones, as speakers and listeners, members keep themselves tuned up for those immensely important occasions which, despite Whips, majorities and party machines, do still arise in the House of Commons when feeling wells so strongly that governments are either swamped or forced to change their courses.

Apart from abandoning the rule that Privy Councillors shall always be called, I do not see what the Speaker can do to give back-benchers a fairer share of debating time on big occasions. Members themselves could do more—by cutting the length of their speeches. And outside the big occasions, it is entirely up to the members themselves. If those who, for one reason or another, do not wish to speak themselves and who cannot give the time for the detailed work which the committee stage of a bill or the examination of delegated legislation necessitates, they could at least encourage their more active colleagues instead of acting as a drag.

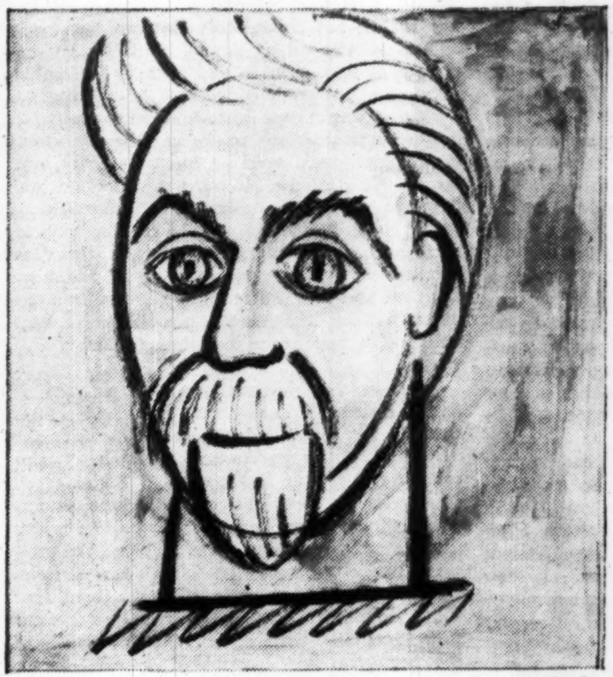
J. P. W. Mallalieu

Which Stalin Did You Know, Comrade?

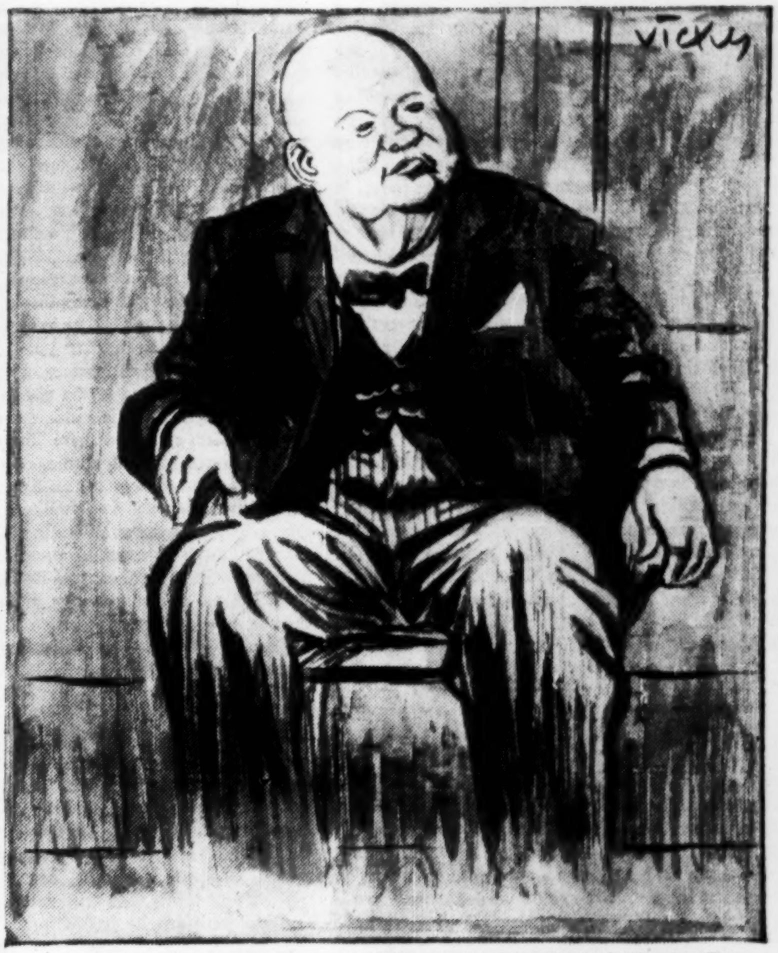
The nervousness and hesitation which marked the 24th Congress of the British C.P. were only a tiny indication of the state of confusion in which the Communist parties of the entire world now find themselves. For the most part, the brutal "destalinisation" inaugurated in Krushchev's secret session speech took the leaders of the 55 satellite parties by surprise; and they have reacted in radically divergent ways. The accounts of the Soviet 20th Congress by M. Thorez in Paris and Mr. Morawski in Warsaw give the impression that they attended two completely different gatherings. For Mr. Morawski, Secretary-General of the Polish C.P., Stalin was "a bloodthirsty tyrant suffering from megalomania, of which numerous sincere Communists were the victims." For M. Thorez, "criticism of certain errors cannot take away the historical merits of Stalin, who defended and increased the theoretical and concrete heritage of Lenin." Similar contradictions abound in the speeches of Messrs. Ulbricht, Togliatti, Duclos and Rakosi; and Communist leaders in other countries—Rumania and Japan—have so far maintained a prudent silence. There is, in short, ample evidence that for once the international spokesmen of Communism are in bitter disagreement, and in France some right-wing politicians have even prophesied a world-wide split.

But it would be foolish to jump to conclusions. The current ideological somersault is far more fundamental than any change of party line in the past, and party leaders in different countries have inevitably been forced to allow for local factors in order to preserve—at least for a time—their own positions. Moreover, they do not appear to know, as yet, the precise limits of the "revision" currently being conducted in Moscow and therefore feel themselves entitled to proceed, at least up to a point, in the light of their own views about the ex-dictator. The Polish party organ *Trybuna Ludu* made the point quite succinctly: "With extraordinary audacity," it wrote, "the Congress set on foot an enormous process of *re-education*, not only of the party as a whole, but of each one of us individually." The events of the last month prove already that the "re-education process" will vary according to the attitudes of the party leaders charged with it and the capacity of their followers to assimilate it.

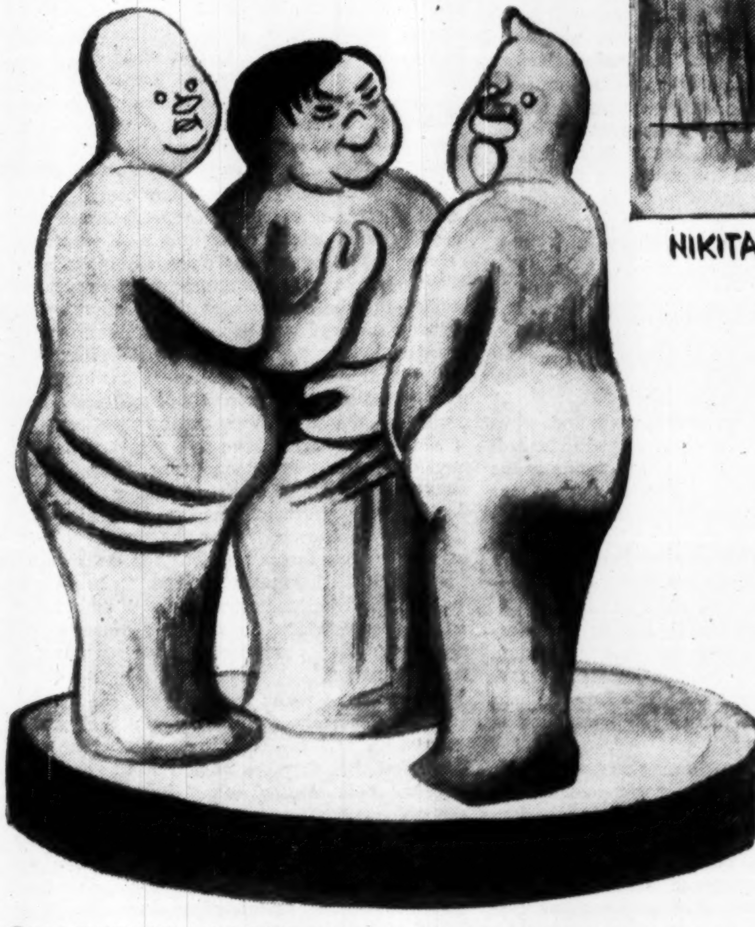
Thus, in three countries at least—Poland, East Germany, Italy—the new line has met with an enthusiastic reception. In at least one—France—there has been systematic "passive resistance". In each case, the reasons for the attitudes adopted are plain enough. Between the two wars, the Polish, German and Italian Communist leaders lived under Fascist regimes, and most of them were forced to seek sanctuary in Moscow. There, they became witnesses—or even victims—of the Stalinist purges. The Polish party is a particularly good example: it became the object of intense suspicion on Stalin's part, and for a time, before the war, it was officially dissolved, and all its leaders shot or sent to concentration camps. Its present leaders were, at the time, either rank-and-file militants or in Pilsudski's prisons. The East German leaders also had many colleagues either shot by Stalin or surrendered to Hitler at the time of the Brest-Litovsk "exchange of undesirables" after the conquest of Poland. The Italians suffered less, but most of them were in Moscow during the great purges. Hence, in all three cases, the present leaders have hastened to rehabilitate their old comrades. Warsaw, for instance, is already plastered with huge portraits of Lenski, Varski, Kostrzeva and other "Communists without stain, killed by the criminal hands of *provocateurs* who wished to destroy even their dignity as revolutionaries."



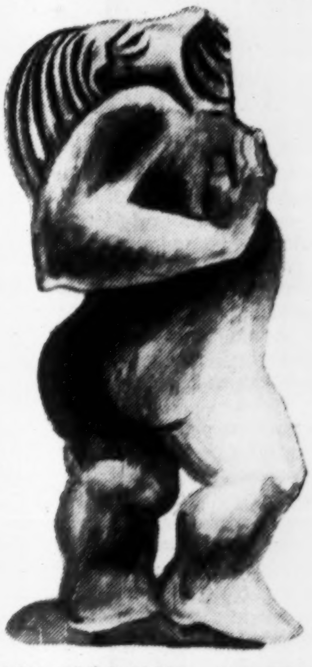
BULGANIN: OFFICIAL PORTRAIT AFTER PICASSO



NIKITA KRUSHCHEV: AFTER GRAHAM SUTHERLAND



COLLECTIVE LEADERSHIP: AFTER HENRY MOORE



PERSONALITY CULT: AFTER EPSTEIN

NEW SOVIET ART: PREVIEW

A. Gerasimov, leading Soviet painter, has confessed to having succumbed to "the cult of personality which led to pompous pictures produced according to a rubber-stamp."

However, the rapidity with which the new line has been accepted in these three countries cannot be explained entirely by the state of mind of the party leaders. During the last war, millions of Poles, Germans and Italians lived in Russia either as prisoners of war or refugees. They saw the police regime and the concentration camps; and, on their return, they reported what they saw. Those who joined, or remained in, the party in these countries did so in the full knowledge of the Stalinist terror, but also in the belief that it was a lesser evil than a return to the old reactionary regimes, and in the hope that it was a temporary stage in the creation of Socialism. Hence the relief with which they now greet the news that the apparatus of the police-state was, in effect, the result of Stalin's errors. In the new line they are finding, at last, the confirmation of their hopes.

But in France? M. Duclos has visited Moscow only for parades and congresses. M. Thorez, it is true, lived there during the last war; but at that time Stalin's prestige was at its apogee, and the interests of victory demanded the myth of an infallible leader. Thorez believed in Stalin; and he also believed in his own role as "the Stalin of the French". His personal identification with Stalin—not only in his own eyes, but in those of the French party militants—constitutes a formidable barrier to the acceptance of the truth. Moreover, Thorez can rely upon a widespread unwillingness among his followers to accept the new line. Most of them joined the party during, or immediately after, the last war; to them, the story of the great purges is a minor episode in the history of the party, the stories of concentration camps simple inventions of the bourgeois press. By succeeding in welding their followers into a sort of spiritual family, living an existence hermetically sealed off from the hostile bourgeois world, the French C.P. leaders have created in their minds a built-in scepticism towards all non-Communist statements, so that even fully documented and irrefutable criticisms of the U.S.S.R. are greeted with systematic and total disbelief. To admit now that many of the worst "bourgeois slanders" were, in fact, the truth, is to sow the seeds of a psychological *malaise* whose effects could be incalculable.

Despite this, the leaders of the French C.P. will not be able to hold out much longer, particularly as the process of destalinisation becomes intensified in the U.S.S.R. and elsewhere. News from abroad is finding its way into the closed circle of French Communism; hence M. Thorez's hasty conference with Sr. Togliatti to co-ordinate the lines of the two parties. They discussed not only the pace of the change-over but a further, and perhaps more fundamental, difficulty: the insufficiency of Mr. Krushchev's criticism of Stalinism and its lack of positive conclusions. Even the strongest supporters of the new Russian line have been dismayed by the fact that, at least in some respects, it is more the product of an explosion of personal hate than an objective examination of the economic, social and institutional factors which made Stalinism possible. Sr. Nenni, in an incisive article in *Mondo Operario*, stated the problem in plain terms. How serious, he asked, were the present Soviet leaders in repudiating the causes of Stalinism? If they intended to follow through their criticisms to their logical conclusions, then the fundamental difference between his Socialist followers and those of Sr. Togliatti would be removed; but if not, then the schism on the left would remain largely unchanged.

Paradoxically, the man responsible for the inadequacy of the criticism of Stalinism is Stalin himself. The theoreticians, the original thinkers and the men of independent views in the Communist world were the first to be liquidated by his police. Those in power today are, alas, his pupils, whose minds were formed in accordance with his methods. It will take time for a new and different intellectual climate to develop in the U.S.S.R.; and only after this period has elapsed will a new generation of Soviet Marxists proceed to analyse the real causes and the real meaning of the Stalinist heresy.

The Cold Class War

A recent political cartoon in *Punch* showed a dark wintry landscape. From the ruins of a factory stepped a black-overalled figure; thick-booted, bullet-headed and overpoweringly strong. In one fist wriggled a dazed-looking judge, in the other an innocent-faced workman; a trade union official, no higher than the boot he was clutching, ridiculously strove to hold back the destroyer. The cartoon is a lucid presentation of the contemporary middle-class image of the worker. The proletarian peril is back with us again, irrational, hostile, nihilistic, getting more and doing less, making each wage increase the preface to a wage demand, refusing to accept the need for higher production, breaking agreements, flouting the law, rejecting elected leaders, enjoying the benefits of full employment and housing subsidies and health services, and threatening the economic system from which the benefits derive.

How has this image been created? First, there has been a marked change in the relation of the Labour Party to the working class. For the first forty-five years of its existence, the party was fighting against social injustice, inequality, war and the abuse of power, from which the working classes were the principal sufferers. At the same time, it attracted the political support of middle-class individuals and groups who were dissatisfied with a social system which gave them insufficient rewards, made them insecure or frustrated their talents. The protest was real enough; and, when power came, many of the wrongs were redressed. But with power came the party's accession to the "establishment." The function of the Labour Party, as *The Times* said at the last election, is now to put forward an alternative government to that offered by the Conservative Party. We are all familiar with Labour's search for a new programme; what we do not see so clearly is that the Labour Party has steadily lost its identification with the working class and, more important, the working class has been losing its principal means of political expression. The Labour Party, like the Conservative, increasingly speaks *to* the workers, not *for* them.

Secondly, there is the change that full employment has wrought in the power-structure of British society. Wages and prices have risen and the worker has more power in all his dealings with the institutions of organised society. He now has a greater measure of choice in his daily activities and his career than at almost any time in the past; the possibilities, of course, are limited, and there are many decisions that he must take or leave; but the increase in his power is real and it is felt—the ability to spend money either on a TV set or on holidays; to move from one job to another; to increase earnings by playing the bonus system or working overtime, or to take a day off, to move to a new house or to stay put. In all this there is one overriding constraint on the worker: he can choose only between the possibilities which other groups and institutions present to him. Yet in one field, as a member of an organised group of workers, he can exercise a positive control over institutions and standards: he possesses sanctions to coerce others, perhaps his employer or, if need be, members of his own group. The middle class has a simplified and dramatic view of such sanctions as the right to strike; these, it believes, should be used only as measures of self-defence against a threat to employment or subsistence. And it has been confused and appalled at its application to inter-union disputes, to demarcation problems, to wage differentials, and to the disciplining of individual workers.

The fact that the working class, as such, is largely inarticulate—and that the middle class controls the press and the radio—permits the fabrication of the proletarian bogy-man. It also promotes a certain recklessness, a desire at all costs to make "them" listen and, if not to understand, then at least to realise that the workers must be reckoned with. This has appeared most clearly, perhaps, among the dock strikers who are "on their own" in protest against the three large "establishments"—political party, Dock Labour Board and large trade union. And the image of the bogy-man has contributed in part to the third conditioning process—the conception of management as the manipulation of workers. The more the worker is seen as an irrational, hostile, unpredictable power, threatening the wanton sabotage of the system which supports him and the rest of society, the greater the need to understand this power so as to control it better; to study the behaviour, attitudes, motivation and aims of workers, so that they can be better harnessed to the requirements of the management.

It is fatally easy to lapse into obscurantism about this; studies of people as workers are just as proper and defensible as studies of people as parents, voters, consumers or in any other role. What concerns us here is not the morality of such studies, but the current view that effective management springs from the knowledge, intuitive or learned, of how to control workers. This view is supplanting an older one, which saw management as essentially an assembly of technical skills such as costing, time study and progress control. While few managers have this new knowledge, any more than most managements fully understand and apply the techniques of the old "scientific management," they are inclined to see their job in terms of "managing men"; to talk of the "human factor," to look for qualities of "leadership," "stimulation" and "getting on with people." It has become a kind of missionary endeavour, in which the men are converted to the true faith of productivity, incentive schemes and automation.

Finally, there is the resentment of the middle classes. Relatively, their power and their share of rewards and privileges have all diminished. They feel that they are victims now, and their resentment is finding some cautious political expression. But beyond this resentment there is anxious bewilderment. They cannot understand why, now the workers have security, they do not behave like rational, normal people, why they do not become middle-class themselves. A family with a steelworker, a turner and a couple of assembly hands can take forty pounds a week back to a slum house in Govan. A study of a mining community reveals that miners, even when earning fifteen pounds a week, spend their money on sprees and outings rather than on buying nice new houses, with nice gardens, nice furniture, and nice clothes to wear in them.

So, to the respectable middle class, the behaviour of the workers seems delinquent, a wilful disregard of standards of behaviour which workers know to be proper or desirable, but disregard through stupidity, irresponsibility or original sin. There cannot be any understanding until the middle class realises that the workers may have different standards, judgments and codes of behaviour. The existence of sub-cultural differences is a sociological commonplace. But apart from those differences which serve to identify social status they have not received much attention. There is more to it than china statuettes and standard lamps, saying "pardon" and not saying it, pigeon-fancying and bird-watching.

There is, for example, the restriction of competition in working-class life to outlets—to games and sport, argument and abuse, manual dexterity, gambling—which for the middle class are essentially non-serious play activities. Competition for jobs, for promotion, for higher pay or privileged positions; competition in sexual attraction, competition for power, the serious concerns of the middle-class adult, are disapproved of. Only success in terms of luck is permissible; there must be no damned merit about it. How could it be otherwise? Workers are at the bottom of the social system. Continually told by their "superiors" that they are less worthy, they are forced to feel themselves perpetual failures in a competition for success which begins at the age of five and lasts until middle age. Yet they are all born into a society which depends for its survival on the movement of those with the socially desirable and socially useful capacities into positions of power and prestige; social mobility, in turn, depends on the acceptance by everybody of success as important—all important.

So what of those who fail, who fall from favour at the first stage of selection, who score low marks, who fill the modern secondary schools, who become rank-and-file workers? In their own sector of society and increasingly as they get older and hardened to their class position, success must be devalued as improper, as bought by sycophancy, by cheating, or at best by chance. How otherwise can such men believe in themselves, carry on as effective persons with recognised membership of society?

The essence of working-class life lies in this emptying of fundamental meaning out of the institutional systems which are shared with the dominant sections of society. The family in the middle classes is truly the basic social unit. All earnings of the parents are family income; all successes are expressed in terms of house and furniture or of provision for wife and children; immense amounts of time and energy are devoted to expressing social status and personal character and values in terms of wallpapers, cars, gardens, entertainment and the proper rearing and educating of children. But in the English urban working class the family has little of this overwhelming importance for the life of the individual. There is the essentially contractual bond of the parents, with weekly payments made by the man in return for his wife's cooking meals, looking after the home, rearing their children and providing sexual gratifications. An elementary fact of budget surveys is the unrelatedness of the father's earnings to what the wife gets; there is almost a national norm for the sum handed over, and there are certainly local norms, with little variation between a labourer and a skilled fitter.

There is a similar deflation of other aspects of the family, for it is outside the family that one finds the characteristic institutions of the working class. The houses belong to the women, and the friendships that link them run, across the generations, through the homes of married sisters, mothers and daughters, aunts and cousins. The social milieu of the child is the street, where the play groups and gangs preserve an autonomous cultural tradition.

It is the groups of men which underpin the other non-family institutions. For the man, attachment to his mates carries with it moral imperatives of a kind that the middle-class man feels only towards his family and his own occupational success. Loyalties are involved which are simply unknown in the middle class except in stylised situations which are not part of the serious business of life—in team games, in associations built on acquaintanceships formed in school, regiment or college. Working-class loyalties are, however, matters of deep involvement, of dependence and easy intimacy, and there is strong pressure on individuals to conform to the standards of the group. This shows up most explicitly in industry. The limitation of production rates by tacit agreements among workers has been familiar ever since the Western Electric researches of twenty-five years ago, but this is only one way in which the massive machine of non-competing, controlled, working-class solidarity makes its impact on industry. The line between the management and the worker, the widest social barrier, is so drawn that it includes in management all but the rank-and-file workmen. To succeed occupationally is to abdicate from the working-class.

Working-class manners and institutions are deliberately maintained to show that the worker repudiates middle-class values. Working-class culture is a counter-system, maintained by and maintaining the millions who, more and more explicitly, are marked off for failure to make the social grade. The sustained raspberry at the system, that Orwell heard in working-class humour, is only one of the expressive rejections that the workers have to make of the middle-class world above them.

It is hard to say how long working-class culture can survive recognisably in its present form. The worker is now surrounded by dilemmas. He has more money, and there are new models of conduct and values in the élite worlds presented to him by the cinema, TV, advertising and the other mass communication industries. The rehousing programme is breaking up all the non-family social institutions peculiar to the working class, and it is leaving the individual with the choice between some imitation of middle-class family life, a depressing isolation, or new forms of community-officered neighbourliness. At work, incentive schemes and productivity campaigns are beginning to break down the traditional practices by which groups of workers set their own pace and output. However he treats it, there is a real moral issue here for each individual worker. Is it right or wrong to produce more and earn more than his mates?

Perhaps working-class culture will disappear with the present generation of adults. Perhaps a revolutionary change is occurring in the structure of British society. But the least likely outcome is the production of a universal middle class. We may be developing a true mass society divided into specialised élites and population masses, who will be marked off only by financial status. At present, it seems most likely that we are creating new and more rigid divisions. As social mobility occurs at younger ages, and as the dominant class develops cleverer techniques of social manipulations and control, the differences between the "successful" and the "failures" may become more and not less pronounced.

Tom Burns

London Diary

More "democracy" in the Tory party and still an anti-democratic trend in Labour? Certainly Labour Party conferences every year become rather more like demonstrations, while the Conservatives, whose annual conference has hitherto never meant anything but platform speechifying, now also hold conferences of constituency organisations which are attended by about 400 delegates and deal in a detailed way with bread-and-butter politics. Before the war an effort was made to build up similar constituency organisations in the Labour Party, but the proposals were rejected for fear that wedges might be driven between the trade unions and the local Labour parties. Nothing smaller than a regional conference, which the machine calls and controls, seems safe to Transport House. It always tries to prevent "unofficial" contacts between local parties. No wonder, therefore, that the new group called "Victory for Socialism" alarms the party officials. This week-end it is holding a conference to discuss proposals for increasing democracy in the party, including publicity for policy debates in the Parliamentary Party. I have doubts myself whether all the proposed changes would be wise, but I well understand why any such suggestions should alarm Mr. Morgan Phillips—as well as those Labour M.P.s who try and maintain their popularity in the constituencies by claiming to support views which in fact they vote against in the privacy of the parliamentary meeting. That, no doubt, is why the National Executive has issued its ambiguous "warning"—similar to another indeterminate warning given some time to the *Tribune* brains trusts." The general sense, however, is obvious: find out what the Left is doing, and tell it to stop.

* * *

Claude Bourdet, leading French Socialist and resistance hero, and an old friend of many of us in this country, was arrested last week in France for the crime of discouraging the war in Algeria. His paper, *France-Observateur*, has continuously advocated a negotiated settlement such as the French Premier put forward as the basis of his policy during the elections. The *N.S. & N.* has sent M. Mollet this telegram:

> Proteste emphatiquement contre arrestation inadmissible Claude Bourdet pour la crime de rappeller la promesse électorale faite par vousmême et vos collègues de négocier la paix en Algérie.

* * *

As it happened, I saw something of Bourdet only a few days before his arrest. He was taking the Chair at a small gathering of Socialists in Paris. The meeting was the outcome of two articles by Professor G. D. H. Cole, which appeared in this journal in January, 1955, in which he argued that Socialists, instead of being international in their outlook, are tending to break up into separate national parties, losing contact with each other and failing to do the new thinking that our age demands. The response to his suggestion of a new kind of informal Socialist organisation was considerable. The results were a conference last summer in Oxford and this meeting in Paris at which Cole himself was elected President, Michel Rocard, of the French Socialist Party, and Clovis Maksoud, of the Lebanese Socialist Party, became joint secretaries, and Professor Ernest Labrousse Vice-President. A committee was appointed which includes members from Great Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland, Spain, the Lebanon, Yugoslavia and India. What they have set up is an International Society for the Study of Socialism, with headquarters in Paris. The first meeting of the British branch is to be held at 7.30, Friends House, on April 17.

* * *

Last year the *Observer* found it necessary unreservedly to withdraw and apologise for a libellous comment on members of the staff of this journal. In its attack last Sunday it only mentioned one member of the staff, who is no longer alive to reply. In extenuation of these attacks, I ought perhaps to explain that they spring not from malice but from the personal piety of the editor of the *Observer* towards his friend, George Orwell. I can now say this freely because last week's comment made explicit what had been hitherto hidden from the general reader. Orwell's anger with the *N.S. & N.* began with his return from the Spanish War where he was deeply moved by the Communists' brutal suppression of the P.O.U.M. He knew that this journal was peculiarly concerned with issues of liberty and the rights of minorities—even to the extent of earning a reputation for Quixotism by criticising the faults of its own side; he was shocked when we were not prepared to publish a savage series of articles attacking the Spanish Government, then desperately defending itself and, as we believed, the cause of democracy.

* * *

Orwell was a writer of genius for whom I had the greatest respect. He was himself a kind of Communist for many years and an anti-imperialist who became very British during the war. A passionate champion of liberty, he refused to take into account any of those complex considerations of expediency that most perplex politicians. To him the U.S.S.R. became a devil and he must be a devil-worshipper who did not every day denounce its devilry. We differed in believing that the West had to find some basis for agreement with Russia or perish; and that when we protested—as we constantly did—at the cruelties and follies of Stalinism, we ought to see them in the perspective of the incredibly devastated and politically still primitive countries which had never known anything but dictatorship. Today it is we (and not those who a few years ago were threatening a war of liberation in eastern Europe) who are in a position to attack the servility of British Communists towards Stalin just because we have in the past tried to understand as well as to denounce its evils.

* * *

I wonder how many of those who are now jeering at Stalinism, whether from a left or right point of view, have really tried to do anything practical to help people unjustly imprisoned in Eastern Europe? Those who have tried will be as excited as I am at the news of the release of at least some of the victims. Slansky, Clementis, Simon and others who were murdered in Prague, cannot be recalled to life. But I see reports that many others who were accused of "Titoist" plots in Czechoslovakia are now being released. From Hungary I have not yet a list of releases, but I am indeed happy to hear that Paul Ignotus, imprisoned on no one quite knows what charge nearly eight years ago, is at liberty. I knew him for many years as a staunch Social Democrat who worked against the Nazis in the B.B.C. during the war and became a very efficient press officer at the Hungarian Legation in London. Yet when he returned to Budapest to see his aged father (who had been in his day a well-known liberal journalist) he was imprisoned, as far as I could discover for no reason except that he had given a too favourable account of western working-class conditions to Hungarian trade unionists. Inquiries and protests in Budapest and London failed to extract any reliable information about the charges against him or the conditions of his imprisonment. I am now waiting to hear about his health and about what sort of compensation and restitution is to be made to him.

* * *

The best memoir of Clerihew Bentley is to be found in G. K. Chesterton's *Autobiography*—in my opinion the most profound as well as the most amusing of his books. Recalling their early friendship, G. K. C. says that Bentley "has since written the best detective story of modern times and still conceals a very powerful sense of humour under the almost impenetrable disguise of a writer on the *Daily Telegraph*. . . . I used to say that he had the head of a professor on the body of a harlequin. It was a poetic pleasure to see him walk, a little pompously, down the street and suddenly scale a lamp-post like a monkey, with the alleged intention of lighting a cigarette, and then drop down and resume his walk with an unchanged expression of earnestness and serenity." And Chesterton's examples of his capacity for writing nonsense with the same poetic simplicity leaves one wishing for a volume of his non-Clerihew verse. Take this superb passage from an unpublished version of *Atlanta.*

> Let the milk that was poured
> Be the draught of the cat,
> For from under the board
> From the seat where he sat
> The feet of his boots are departed; he has widowed the hall of his hat.

Even better than Bentley's Swinburne is his response to a poetical lady who asked him to write something suitable for Wordsworth's Seat:

> It is annoying to reflect
> That two such men as we
> By such a trifle as the grave
> Should separated be.
> 'Twas ever thus. We might have had
> A pleasant afternoon,
> But man is always born too late
> Or else he dies too soon.

Can one find a better example of the mock-sententious?

Critic

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

At the Pleasant Wednesday Afternoon meeting held in the Congregational Church schoolroom, Miss E. Boucher recited her poem of 206 verses, entitled "Mother's last words." Mrs. J. H. Thomas presided.—*Bedfordshire Times & Standard.* (Victor Storrow.)

Women in the Essex village of Ugley have changed the name of their organisation from the Ugley Women's Institute to The Women's Institute (Ugley branch).—*News Chronicle.* (C. H. Green.)

Commissionaires at the Savoy tried to stop a large green bus from halting outside the hotel. The occupants of the bus—debutantes and their escorts, arriving for a party.

Said one of the hostesses, Miss Ann Smyth: "It was great fun, but a bit plebeian. I hadn't been in a bus for years."—*Evening Standard.* (H. Leresche.)

He is very solicitous for the Queen's welfare. When she was watching Shakespeare at the Old Vic after a long day on duty, the Queen dozed. The Duke touched her gently and whispered: "Wakey, wakey."—*Sunday Express.* (E. I. Batterson.)

A Song for St. Gossard's Day

[A recent press release by Gossard announces that this firm will provide the foundation garments for fashion models shortly to visit Russia. Madame Kaminskaya, of the Russian trade delegation, is quoted on the Russian interest in western basic styles. She added that Russian women, as a whole, are "very bra-conscious."]

With lingerie, with Gossard lingerie
Will Universal Peace begin,
When British corselettes adjust
The Bolshevik bra-conscious bust
And basques embrace the skin!
The nylon-girded, youthful lift
Not even Dulles shall resist
But seek to co-exist!
Each comrade, mirrored in her shift,
Will chant the praise of British industry,
Of lingerie, of Gossard lingerie
Whence Universal Peace began
When Krushchev issued his decree
That Stalin never could, but Glamour can
Fulfill the deep and urgent needs of Man.

What passion cannot Gossard garments raise?
A British model, sleek and svelte,
Before astonished eyes displays
Panties pre-shrunk, with fully fashioned belt:
The Moscow matrons, fresh from toil,
Can but applaud such strapless gear, unseamed,
As though a Goddess dreamed
And shed her dreams on Russia's holy soil.

GRAND CHORUS

As by sartorial effects
Man differs from the brute,
And Woman, more than Man, elects
To be considered cute,
So, when the Trumpet sounds for Peace,
Ganders must all defer to geese
And Gossard shall replace the Gun
With Basic garments, all-in-one
(R.17 in Russian mon).

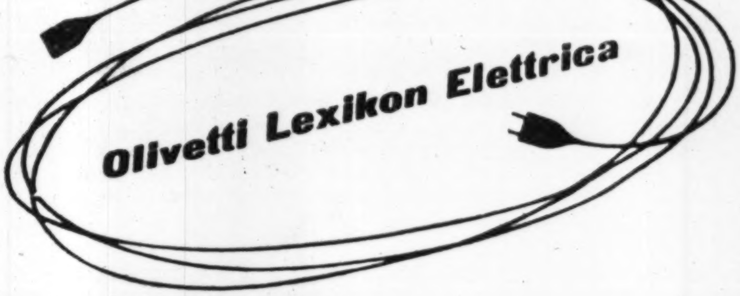
Reginald Reynolds

In and Out the Eagle—II

If you can think back to the time before the dispute in the printing industry momentarily checked the smooth flow of stuff from the original producer to the ultimate consumer, you may recall that I was interrupted in the middle of an exciting story about what happened when the Communist Party changed its line about the war. I have never myself known why this topic is so darned interesting to people, but they tell me it is—in fact I have often been attacked for not being more interested in it myself—so that now I will tell it.

Let us get back, then, to where we were left, which was The Eagle public house on City Road. If you like a drop of significance in your neo-realism, you might note that this pub was decorated with pictures by the former cartoonist of the *Daily Worker*, an Irishman who had spent some pretty violent years in the Indian Army; after which experience he decided to employ his very great talents as a draughtsman on behalf of anyone who was seriously against "colonialism" in either India or Ireland.

And when I say talents, to those of the readers who may not have been privileged to see a cartoon by Mr. Rooney (who signed himself Maro) I will say that he had rather a rough line. He once co-operated with me on a special anti-royal issue—something to do with the marriage of the present Duchess of Kent—which was beautifully advertised by one of our sellers



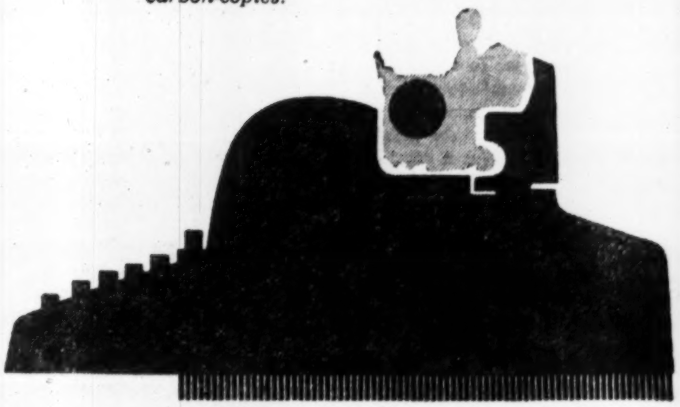
Olivetti Lexikon Elettrica

A letter

typed on the Lexikon All-Electric typewriter stands out from all others like a good deed in a naughty world.

A typist

typing on the Lexikon All-Electric flies through her work with as little effort as a seagull takes to the wing.
The Lexikon All-Electric rises far above the limitations of a hand-powered machine, in providing so much more, so much better, with so much less effort-and at an overall cost which (on anything but the very shortest view) is no greater than you already pay!
All Electric operation – and all the advantages that go with it.
Superb clarity of typing equal to first-class printing.
Greatly increased speed with greatly reduced effort.
Gives many more-and sparkingly clear-carbon-copies.



A demonstration will gladly be arranged - without the slightest obligation.

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in Birmingham with the chalked poster "All the Kings There Except Kong." It was finally auctioned at the University of Cambridge late in the evening for £18.

The reason the pub was decorated with his pictures was that he—like many another I could mention—liked to have a drink rather more often than he had arranged to have available the cash to pay for it. So, instead, he drew pictures. In the end he wondered—he was middle-aged by this time—whether he was doing enough. As a matter of fact, he was. But he wouldn't believe it. He wouldn't believe that those terribly raw cartoons of his were really telling people what he thought about it all. So he joined the International Brigade and was almost immediately shot through the head in a clumsy battle in the olive groves on the banks of the Tagus.

I tell you all this—about Rooney and his pictures—because that was part of the background on the day when a couple of chaps came up the City Road on the trolley bus with a message from the Comintern saying that the Comintern had decided that the war was an imperialist one and not to be supported by honest men.

What I felt at that moment was this: first, I thought the Comintern was more likely to be about half right than was the British government. After all, the secretary of the Comintern was Georgi Dimitrov—an heroic man of our time, and certainly the first man to show the dictators that, however big they were, a man with an idea could take the stuffing out of them. Dimitrov, in fact, symbolised—for us, then—the triumph of the thoughtful and the civilised over the philistine. If somebody said to me, "Do you think Georgi Dimitrov more likely to be right, or Sir Nevile Henderson?" I should have thought that on balance Dimitrov had it.

Secondly—and this is merely an expansion of what I have just said—I felt an utter, furious distrust of anything that the British government of that day (and remember that our prime minister was Neville Chamberlain) said or did. I admit that my feelings were such that I was prepared, perhaps unjustifiably, to take for granted that if they were in favour of anything it must be a vile objective.

Thirdly, I had, and have, a feeling about loyalty, about not leaving the regiment when it is under fire, which can be attacked as sentimental and absurd. Perhaps it is. We could argue about that, but the relevant point here is that I had it. If the Comintern had announced the necessity of invading the Moon I should have thought they were going a bit far, but I should have stuck by them.

And fourthly, we come, so inevitably in any human story, to the negative aspect of affairs—I mean to the fact that when I looked at the people who were quitting because of the change of line, I thought "if that guy's quitting, I'll stick it out right or wrong." And when people kept coming into 16, King Street with tears of rage and indignation pouring down their insufficiently—or so I thought—adult cheeks, I thought it better to sit down hard and pull for the shore: in other words, to carry on with the regiment and write my pieces for them. It must be understood that at that time although they had a number of brilliant men working—Mr. Holmes, for example, was certainly the best newspaper columnist in Britain, and Mr. Hutt as a layout man is surpassed in all Europe and America only by Mr. Morison—I was probably the most effective reporter and editorialist they had. I wrote well. Therefore the decision of whether to continue or withdraw one's writing was of importance.

So that was the way things stood when the Comintern's decision was finally conveyed to me as I stood between the pin-table and the CID man in The Eagle public house. I played another couple of games while I thought the whole thing over for a couple of minutes and then went across to the office just over the road. On the stairs I met Mr. Pollitt who, probably at some discomfort to himself, had always been very kind and sympathetic to me. He said, "Well, my old companion in arms, goodbye."

Then I realised that things were really tough. I had had in mind a splendid idea for a leader and had already impetuously outlined it to Mr. Campbell—a completely fearless, perhaps almost too calm fellow-countryman of mine—who was quietly caretaking as editor during this emotional period. With a minium of explanation he conveyed to me that the leader just wouldn't do—the line had changed, and what we had to do now was vamp till ready.

Readiness came with the irruption of my fierce dear friend William Rust, who immediately told all and said, characteristically, "Can you take it on or not? You'll do it better than anyone we have in sight at the moment, but there'll be no hard feelings if you don't think you can. Incidentally," he added, with that Elephant and Castle leer he had, "we'll all probably be arrested in a couple of days. So if you want to go, brother, go while the going's not so bad."

So, naturally, I didn't go.

CLAUD COCKBURN

Fleet Street Notebook

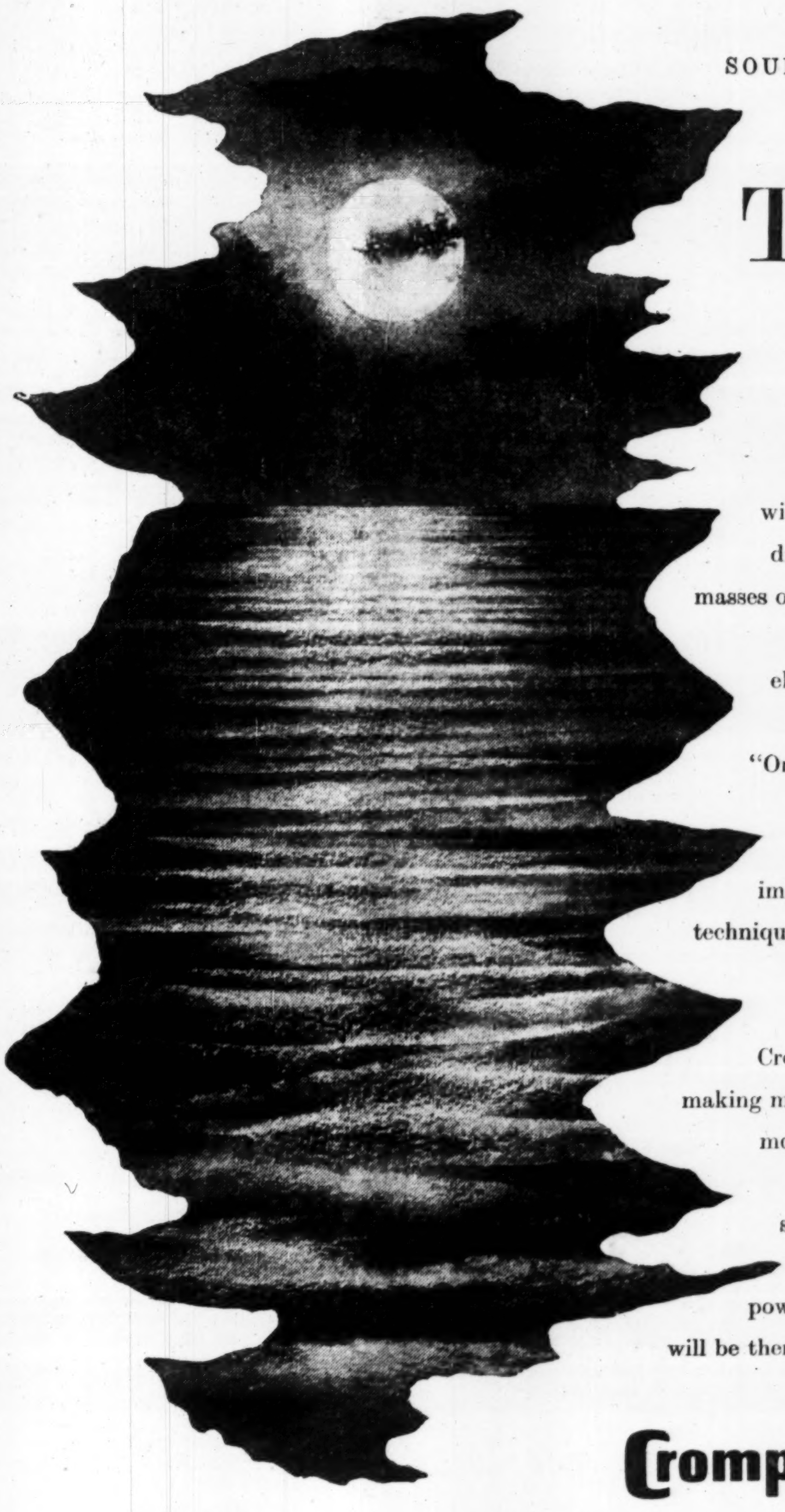
THESE are worrying times for the circulation managers of most of the popular daily and Sunday papers, worrying days, too, for the weekly magazines. The circulation managers of the "big fourpennies," *Picture Post, Illustrated, Everybody's, John Bull* (although the *John Bull* formula of expensive serials is holding up somewhat better than the rest), like their brothers in the daily and Sunday paper offices, brood darkly, on a future in which, to judge from current figures, the lush days of the war and post-war years will be no more. The going is getting harder. It is no longer a question of how many new readers one can get but how many of the old ones one can hold. This seems true at almost every level of popular readership. Hanging on to the non-existent skirts of the ripe beauties who grace its cover, *Reveille*—after shooting like a rocket to a circulation of close on three and a half millions at a speed which took everyone's breath away—slumped by just on half a million at the end of last year; nor, despite desperate efforts to flatten out the dive by increasing the curves, can it be sure even now where the bottom is. *Mid-Week Reveille* and *Weekend Mail,* its companions in the glorious adventure of providing pin-ups for the million, are in scarcely better shape. They rose less high and have fallen less far, but they too face a horrid future where, however it may be in the film industry, the feminine bust is no longer what it was as a circulation draw on the bookstalls. But then, judging by the experience of the others in the magazine field, neither is popular sociology, coloured history or human drama.

Everywhere, that is, except in the market for women's magazines. For them the sun still blazes high in the sky. While the circulation of others sags theirs continues to rise. Their success, and particularly that of two of them, *Woman,* published weekly by Odhams, and *Woman's Own,* published weekly by Newnes, has now reached a level where it must be accounted one of the most remarkable journalistic phenomena of our time and one well worth the interest of any active-minded sociologist. With a circulation of well over 3,230,000, *Woman* now claims a world record among weekly women's magazines. Last year it attracted on an average more than 26,000 new readers every week. It is still climbing. Its claim that over 6,000,000 women read it from cover to cover every week is probably correct. Not only do they read it; they write to it constantly for advice on all sorts of matters. In the last two years it has had more than 8,600,000 letters. *Woman's Own* cannot quite match these figures, but with a circulation that has been rising for some time by an average of more than 35,000 a week and now totals over 2,400,000, it is probably read by at least 4,000,000 women, and possibly more. Together, in fact, these two magazines are probably read, studied and followed as guides to right conduct by some 50 out of every 85 women and girls in the country between the ages of 15 and 60. Their rise has been very much a post-war phenomenon and one sultry with menace for some of the less established popular newspapers, since they offer, as *Woman* claims, "a national campaign in itself" and have attracted a good deal of advertising revenue that would otherwise have gone to newspapers. Their social significance is considerable. They probably reflect the standards and interests of a majority of working- and middle-class women to an extent that no other part of the press does. What is it that has given them their remarkable success?

Dress, make-up, cookery and "home-making" naturally occupy a good deal of their space. Anything to do with the royal family is a certain winner, although in this matter *Woman's* enthusiasm has at the moment brought it into disgrace: a much boosted series "I Shopped for Our Royal Family" by a former Deputy Comptroller of Supply has brought a stern reproof from the Palace, which has reported *Woman* to the Press Council. A serial and two short stories are an essential part of the formula of both. Public affairs, art, literature, music—none of these rate a mention. But, there is much less emphasis on glamour, even in the fiction, than one might have suspected and surprising little space is devoted to film or television stars. In the main those who buy these papers are not, to judge by the contents, looking for romance or escape but for advice in a life which is accepted as likely to be a fairly pedestrian affair. Excitement, and what Miss Marghanita Laski would have us call "romantic lust," takes second place to the more solid virtues.

Woman's Own has recently been asking its readers: "What attracts A Woman to a Man?" It reports that 70 per cent. of the vast number of readers who replied said "kindness" and that hardly one "looked for adventure in married life." Money, fame, good looks, none of these had any chance against "reliability," the prospect of a small home and "your husband, your home and your knitting." Feature articles and fiction in both magazines largely reflect this—so on the whole do the answers to correspondents; though here divorce, jealousy and the temptations of a long engagement play a larger part than in the rest of the paper and are handled with down-to-earth common sense. It is on the whole a somewhat depressing world one glimpses in these phenomenally successful pages—the world of the Grove family and their neighbours. But one finds little support in them for the more lurid anxieties of some social moralists.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS



SOURCES OF POWER

The Tides

Man, who knows how small a stream will drive his mill or his loom, cannot but dream when he looks at those monstrous masses of moving water, the tides. Now that he knows how to turn water power into electricity, the notion of harnessing tidal power has grown into an obsession. "Only think," it reiterates. "Only think of unlimited power, at no fuel cost whatsoever!" Now, thanks to vast improvements in building and mechanical techniques, this ambitious dream may well be a fact of the near future. Before tidal power could be seriously considered, Crompton Parkinson were developing and making machines and equipment to conduct and moderate, measure and control electricity everywhere from the generator to the switch. And whatever means be used in the future to produce electrical power, Crompton Parkinson, still pioneers, will be there equipped to put it through its paces.

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Half-way to Sodom

Beyond Beersheba the normal Israeli landscape of cultivation and crowded village settlements, peters out, through newly planted citrus orchards to patchy rain-crops, barley mostly, and then the desert. A few years ago that desert lay all round, the "wilderness of Beersheba." But it has been dealt with the Israeli way, by irrigation and capital and a lot of hard work. There are thousands of Israeli settlers in the tidy little white kibbutz houses; and for that matter the Bedou tents look a lot more prosperous than any of those I saw in Jordan or Egypt and the riding camels were magnificently decked.

One drives south through the stony Negev, the road zigzagging up and down hills, with the skeleton of an occasional lorry below one in a ravine. Over these hills—and it seems more and more peculiar every dry mile—there is a solid iron pipe laid, that takes water all the way from the Yarkon river at Tel Aviv, eighty miles to the north-west. This is the basis of all that Israel hopes to do in the Negev—and must do if it is to cope with the ingathering of immigrants.

The road forks: left to old Sodom, modern Sdom, in the brown, harsh-looking mountains on the edge of the Dead Sea where the phosphate deposits are; ahead to Elath and the opal mines. Half left is the oasis, Hagar's well, and above it roughly terraced slopes, planted with tiny eucalyptus and casuarina trees; on the top the industrial village of Tel Yerucham, with some five hundred people, mostly recent immigrants from Morocco, Rumania and even India. Compared with Tel Yerucham, the least imaginative English housing estate is an æsthetic paradise. Yet it is in a sense planned, for houses are not allowed to straggle beyond the circle of posts with strong electric light on them. Some of the houses are Swedish wooden huts with broken windows and doors, temporary homes for immigrants; but the permanent ones are built of handsome local limestone. However, they have to be as cheap as possible—and they look it, even though some people have bravely made little gardens, holes in the ground with tiny apricot trees or little brown ditches for cabbages or beet. Everything depends on piped water.

I am staying in an immigrant's house, two rooms, a tiny kitchen, a w.c. and small shower, and a hall large enough for a small table and stools. There are no doors and everything is very roughly finished. The roof is plaster board directly under the tiles and a bit has come off. But, because my hosts are not recent immigrants nor rapidly prospering professional or business people, but members of the third typical Israeli group, the idealists, there are book shelves and prints all round the little sitting room. It does for two people and a baby, who like most Israeli children represents the future—and peace—and is lively, healthy and bright. But our next door neighbours in the other end of the house are a Rumanian family with five children under ten. The partition is very thin.

In every country, except perhaps America, there is a gap between tourist standards and the real standards of the country. This is very marked in Israel. In a way we tourists expect this is to be especially noticeable in a Middle East country. For several centuries we have thought in separate compartments of ourselves and the "natives," who, we have supposed, can subsist comfortably on a handful of rice. But things have changed.

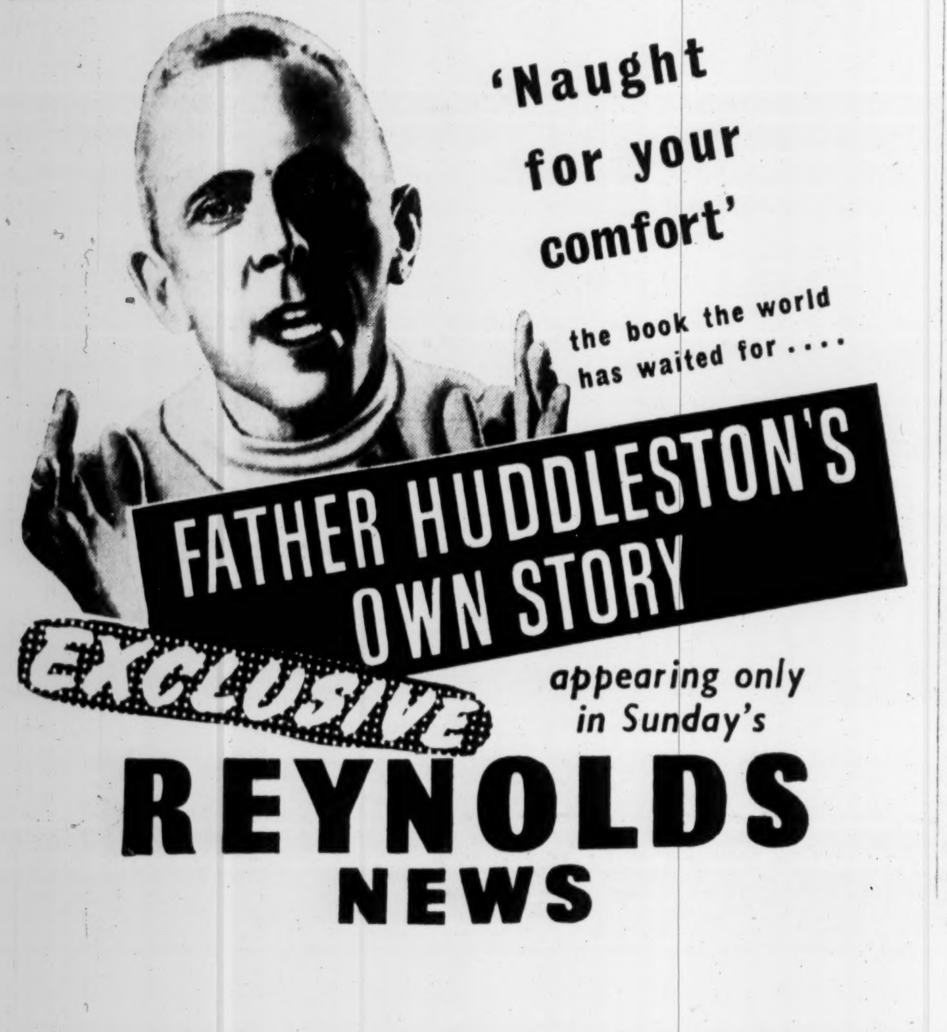
Nothing had been hidden from me; no lies had been told, but in the world of hotels I hadn't realised how many things are still rationed and how meagre the ration is. One scarcely realises it, for that matter, staying in a prosperous kibbutz, where, though meat may be scarce, there are so many other good local products. But in Tel Yerucham most of the men work on the Sdom phosphates or other industrial undertakings. Not being a kibbutz, there is no crêche or children's home, and the children look less well cared for than some. But equally the adults don't have to spend their evenings at committee meetings.

Friedl, my hostess, and I went off to do the Friday shopping at the village shop and queued up. On Friday the Moroccans at least must have their bottle of wine, whatever else they don't have, and they shout about it in French. We got ration margarine, sugar and the small egg ration and, as a treat, a fortnight's ration of Icelandic frozen cod. Off ration we got bread, milk, cheese and tins of the good little smoked sprats from the Sea of Gallilee and two kilos of oranges—mostly for me. Israelis are a bit bored with oranges for every meal. The new village bakery has just started and there was a procession of visitors to see it. We discussed what could be cooked on a primus. I suggested rice, but Friedl laughed. A packet of rice costs about five shillings. The system is a legal "black market"; some rationed goods can also be had off ration—quite easily but very much dearer. I don't think this is a very desirable kind of rationing, but I suppose ethics and economics don't go together. On food and housing, the standard of living seems vastly higher than it is in an Arab village just across the way, in Jordan; but then, I shouldn't find myself staying in an Arab village. I should only look at it from outside, as a tourist. While we waited near the bakery a magnificent blue tourist bus rolled up and stopped. People got out and turned their ciné cameras on us, the natives.

It isn't easy being an Israeli housewife in Tel Yerucham. It's hard to keep a house spotless and do all a baby's washing when there is only water for two or three hours a day; and at the same time to work for an external degree at London University when there is liable to be no electric light for several nights in the week. It's hard to be a good modern mother and give one's child a sense of security when all the time one is terrified of a war which would—let me emphasise—be a peculiarly nasty war, as religious wars usually are, with treacheries, atrocities, filthy mutilations and all the rest. It might be, as we say, "localised," so that we might remain at ease in London, Moscow or New York; but Friedl, her husband and her baby would be likely to die in some very horrible way.

We were breakfasting on bread, sprats and almost tasteless ration tea when a friend turned up, an oil company lorry driver. It was the Sabbath, rigidly kept by an influential Israeli minority, who, like Free Presbyterians, condemn concerts or the opening of cafés. But oil companies don't care and this man had driven all the way from Haifa already. He joined us; then, because the water happened to be on, my hostess went off to do the baby's washing.

I know quite a lot of lorry drivers, but none who speak four languages; nor are any of them as cultured—I use the word advisedly—as this one, who is, incidentally, a Yemenite immigrant. He told me something which horrified me so much that I have to pass it on. I am afraid it is quite true. He was with the British army during the war, starting as a boy of sixteen. With a number of others, he was taken prisoner after



the debacle in Greece. A British officer pointed him out to the Germans as a Jew—apparently with a view to saving his own skin. Luckily, the Germans were too busy to notice. My lorry driver told me this gently and quietly: "An officer—he should have been a father to his men." It left this particular Israeli with a certain distrust of England. I felt that, so long as such things happen, we west Europeans have no right to blame the Israelis for committing injustices.

This chap gave us a lift up through the further hills and we walked back among the enchanting desert flowers, which, for about a month, star the rock with exquisite beauty. Friedl didn't encourage me to stray; there were too many mines about. I was much more frightened of the enormous ants and the sinister holes in the ground that might have held scorpions. But our main time of fear was always at night. Everyone had a watch dog; they all howled, and there were always fierce polyglot quarrels flaring up. Was that a plane? If so . . .? The only reassuring thing was the occasional army truck of Israeli soldiers singing violent and cheerful songs as they tore through the village.

I suppose Friedl is in Tel Yerucham now, doing the washing, gardening hopefully, queueing at the store. She was only a child when her parents left Vienna, one jump ahead of the Nazis and the gas chambers. While she was a girl, growing up, they were always on the move, refugees from one place or another, their hearts increasingly turning towards one land as a possible permanent home, secure and kindly. And the reality?

NAOMI MITCHISON

Here's Mud On Your Mink

LIKE poetry, advertising copy is meant to be emotionally rather than intellectually apperceived. But there is, as with poetry, real meaning there, and a correct analysis of text may usefully bring to our understanding exactly what it is that has already been accepted at thalamic levels. Here is my present text:

> DREAMY PINK CAN LEAD TO MINK. Dash out now and buy —'s Dreamy Pink—the naughtiest, flightiest lipstick there ever was. Then, with that Dreamy Pink on your lips, you can sit back and wait for the good things to come your way. Maybe *you'll* be the girl in the mink! Lucky for you that —'s lipstick stays on and on and on. In its new woman-about-town gilt case . . .

The illustration must, as inevitably as with a poem by Blake, be considered as integral to the text. Here it consists of a girl in a low-necked black dress, heavily bejewelled, with, round her shoulders, an indeterminate fur, presumably—I don't think we're going too far—the mink in question. Behind her stands a man in a white tie with appropriate accessories (negligent white scarf, gold-topped cane under arm). Behind him, the lower half of a knee-breeched flunkey. Behind *him*, a very, very, very long car.

We can now get on with our analysis. The theme, DREAMY PINK CAN LEAD TO MINK, may be given the broad preliminary gloss: *the purchase of this lipstick can be the causal agent in the subsequent acquisition of mink.* How? That is what the main body of the text, no matter how unconsciously assimilated, makes very clear.

Dash out now: the reader is not a woman of responsibilities. No major executive she, and certainly no mother of young children. She is free to act on impulse. Experience tells us that she may be a junior in quite a lot of firms, or a childless, non-working wife.

. . . *and buy —'s Dreamy Pink:* she is not a country girl, since few village shops stock new lipsticks as soon as they appear. More, if a homebody, she lives within sufficient distance of town shops for an initial impetus not to be spent before she gets there. "Dash" hardly implies queueing for a 'bus. But "dash" and "buy," taken together, imply that the reader can afford to spend money impulsively. People of such financial position usually prefer to live away from urban shopping districts. Our reader must have reasons for choosing to live in the district to which people go to spend money.

. . . *the naughtiest, flightiest lipstick there ever was.* Was there ever a naughty, flighty lipstick? We do not know; but the last three words must fail of their impact unless the reader lacks equally a sense of history and of logic. "Naughtiest" and "flightiest" we may, nay we must, transfer from lipstick to reader, since a naughty (or flighty) lipstick could only be one that behaved unpredictably, stuck in its tube or changed its colour. "Flightiest" is an exceptionally interesting word in the context. As well as its dictionary meaning —"guided by whim or fancy, fickle"—it could carry at least three metaphorical interpretations. It might well recall that sense of levitation that is such a distinctive concommitant of ecstasy. Or it might be to do with birds—a subtle word-play indeed. Or with the American air force. The word must certainly be accepted as an Empsonian ambiguity, Type One.

Then, with that Dreamy Pink on your lips—the *manna* of "flightiness" and "naughtiness" has now definitely been transferred to the reader—*you can sit back and wait:* the reader is *not* in employment, since, even if the initial dashing out were possible, the indefinite sitting back and waiting are not. And, if it has occurred to anyone that cause might be related to effect by (a) buying and applying the lipstick, (b) feeling better as a result, (c) so working harder and (d) eventually being able to afford mink, he can now put that idea right out of his head.

. . . *for the good things to come your way.* The meaning of "good" here is particularly abstruse. What comes, we already know, is mink: the plural is confusing, but may refer to the number of skins. Mink may certainly be accepted as good. But we already know that "flightiness" and "naughtiness" are involved in its acquisition. God knows one doesn't want to throw accusations around lightly these days, but the underlying suggestion that naughty means are justified by good ends seems to me to be tinged with red rather than pink.

Maybe you'll be the girl in the mink. Housewife is out. Our irresponsible, extravagant, naughty homebody is unmarried—an unmarried *girl* to whose home come men in white ties bearing, somehow, the potentialities of mink. The hint of dubiety implied by *maybe* will be dealt with later.

Lucky for you that —'s lipstick stays on and on and on. So, it seems, does the man. Otherwise, being at home, there's nothing to stop her renewing it. More, we can't burk the fact (texts could readily be adduced) that the idea of lipstick staying on and on and on is inextricably associated with kissing. The visitor may, however, be a fiancé.

In its new woman-about-town gilt case—so he can't be a fiancé after all. "Man- (or girl-) about-town," says the N.E.D., "one who is in the round of social functions, fashionable dissipations, etc." A round of social functions, undertaken in the home, definitely implies that more than one man calls. The whole phrase is extremely subtle, since our author has amended the dictionary's "girl-about-town"; and, knowing his addiction to ambiguities, we cannot doubt but that he has done so by attraction from the very next phrase the dictionary dissects: "Man or woman of the town—one belonging to the shady or fast side of life." It is particularly significant that earlier in the train of events, "girl" was still thought appropriate.

We can now sum up: a flighty, naughty girl, unburdened by responsibilities and shortly to be a woman, waits at her town home to be visited, in a fast and dissipated atmosphere, by a number of men (possibly American air force officers) who, having stayed a long time and kissed her a lot (query: to the point of ecstasy?) *may* give her mink. I think we should be right in moving the author's scintilla of doubt to the very end of the sentence.

MARGHANITA LASKI

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The Arts and Entertainment

Okay for Sound

CIRCUMSTANTIAL reports have recently appeared to the effect that a major reorganisation of BBC sound broadcasting is in train. Apparently informed interpreters have forecast a merger of Home with either Light or Third—more probably the former, since television (it is suggested) has "hived off" the least intelligent fifteen per cent. of listeners, and sound no longer, therefore, has to cater to quite the same extent for the lowest common moron. Light could approximate to present Home standards; Third would continue to elaborate its exquisite private fantasies.

Authoritative spokesmen of the BBC insist that these suggestions are untrue. Nobody, of course, can know what the situation will be five or ten years hence; but prophecies so speculative and—even if there were anything in them—so premature as these are misleading.

This denial is buttressed by two facts. First, there are still twenty million people in Britain who depend on sound alone for their radio entertainment and information. Secondly, the Very High Frequency stations now under construction are all designed to suit the existing programme-pattern, with three transmitters each. The sixth of these VHF stations, serving half a million listeners in north-east Scotland, came into service last week. Nineteen million listeners can now receive these transmissions, if they have VHF receivers; by the end of the year, they will be available to 42 millions.

Two other characteristics of the BBC seem to me to make these disclaimers plausible. The BBC has a strong sense of responsibility to minorities—such as many kinds of hospital patients and the blind—who will always have to rely on sound radio and are assumed to prefer it Light. The BBC has also shown itself, since the coming of ITV, sensitive to competition and disposed to fight back. The current sharp challenge of Radio-Luxembourg is likely to make it roll up its sleeves rather than draw aside its skirt.

Militant as it is, the BBC can afford also to be generous to individual prodigals now drifting back from the rival firm. Mr. Aidan Crawley is now in process of handing over the command of Independent Television News to Mr. Geoffrey Cox. Mr. Cox has not taken on an easy job. Mr. Crawley's resignation cleared the air to some extent, but the idea that the ITN service is worth having—is, indeed, not only the best thing that ITV has yet thrown up but the cheapest programme available—still apparently has to be sold to each company in turn. The ITA will have to go on being tough with the companies, and Mr. Cox will have to go on being as persuasive as his experience in the Lobby has, indeed, taught him to be.

Mr. Crawley is returning to the BBC to do some important TV programmes on both home and foreign affairs—surveys of industrial disputes, for instance, or of developing Latin America. This project is to the BBC's, and to Mr. Crawley's, credit: they must know how difficult it is to make such themes palatable to the general TV public.

* * *

Sound radio did Easter proud, with special music on all the programmes and an orgy, or plethora, of carols. It was pleasant to hear the carol quaintly called *The Bellman's Song* sung by the boys of Highgate School; and those who associate the tune of *Good King Wenceslaus* with Christmas must have been startled, in *Music Magazine,* to hear *Tempus adest floridum* sung in an urgent, rapid, rough, slightly sinister bass—almost the voice of Pan himself. The staff of Broadcasting House and their families must have enjoyed what may be called their paraliturgical experiment—a carol-plus-lesson service on the Christmas model—but their singing was hardly up to the standard of King's.

The most interesting, and the funniest, holiday programme was on the Third—Nigel Leigh Pemberton's presentation of records of great opera singers singing popular songs: Melba's *Comin' thro' the Rye,* Melchior's *Please don't say No, say Maybe,* and, most sensational of all, Caruso's *Over There.* A record made by a rich American lady, Madame Florence Foster Jenkins—who gave a concert at Carnegie Hall, though she manifestly could not sing a note, and said "People may say I couldn't sing, but they can't say I didn't sing"—was almost too cruel to be entirely comic. As most Third items are, this ought to be repeated several times; don't miss it.

Bach's Easter music made me miss part of the Third's *Macbeth.* What I heard sounded true radio: witches wi' Sco'ish accents and horses neighing at them, authentic bagpipes, extracts from Holinshed. Mary Wimbush was effectively blood-curdling in the sleep-walking scene; Michael Hordern's Macbeth was so powerful that a few slips of the tongue (e.g., "*scorched* the snake") hardly mattered.

TOM DRIBERG

What's On

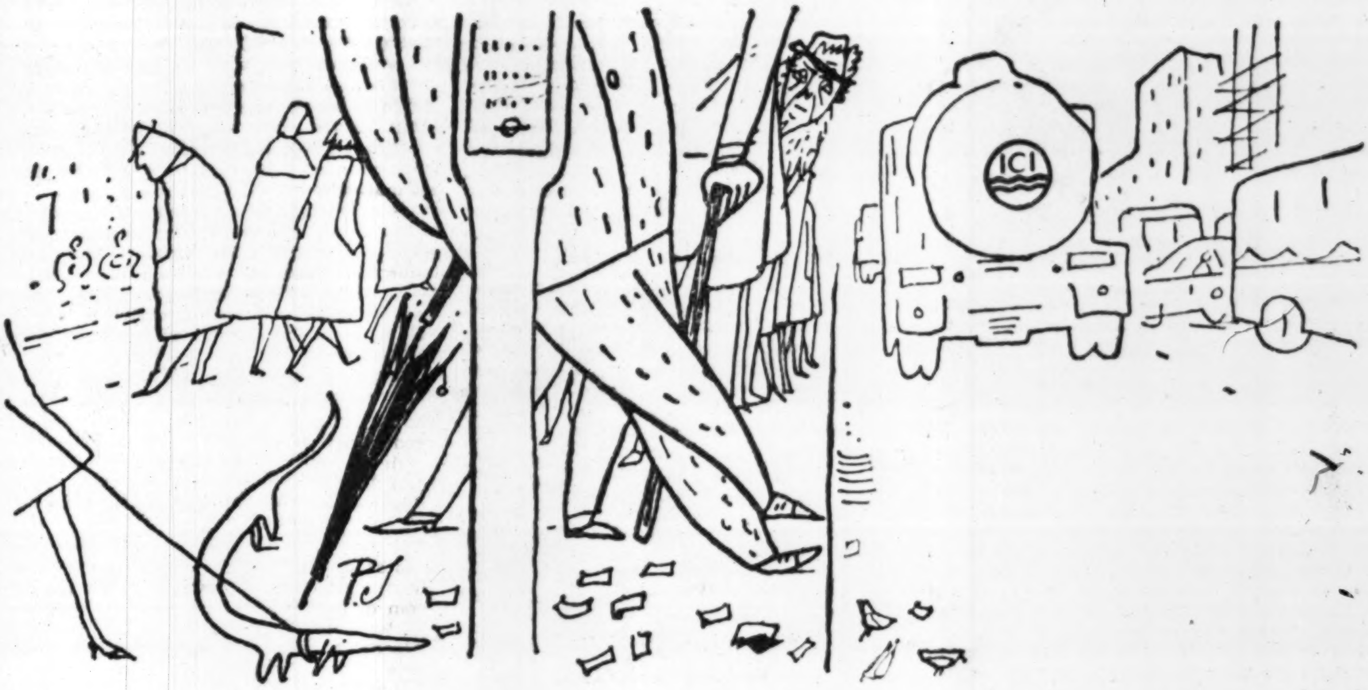
"IS there anything on worth seeing at the moment?" Every dramatic critic in his private life is bombarded with this question and that by people whose ideas of "worth seeing" are about as different as they could well be. Lately the tone in which the question has been asked has become a little despairing, and the tone, too, in which it has been answered, decidedly desperate. But this Spring is offering a large crop and we shall soon hope to be finding several satisfactory answers. The English Stage Company, for instance, is likely to provide a stand-by for the discriminating playgoer for many months; and "What's on at the Court tonight?" is the question which will form itself for those in search of a stimulating evening. This, I think, we can judge by the impressive start they have made in their presentation of the Angus Wilson play *The Mulberry Bush,* which I noticed at some length when it was first presented by the Bristol Old Vic last October.

Mr. Devine's resident company made an excellent first impression, and he has drawn from them acting of a subtle and convincing order in parts which do not, mostly, give very obvious opportunities, and are certainly outside the stock range. Mr. Angus Wilson's people are as far as can be from the common stage types. He is dealing in this play with social and intellectual gradations which have seldom been charted in our theatre. Mr. Kenneth Haigh, for instance, has to play a young man who has climbed to an Oxford Senior Common Room from the working-class; and he is not, of course, a "funny" character making social gaffes—which is how the theatre would, in all probability, have previously treated such a person. He has accepted his success and has been accepted; his strength is the result of that climb, but his past is still just audible in his voice and still just visible in his bearing. Mr. Haigh is a clever young actor to catch so many of these nuances. Then Miss Helena Hughes is set to play an upper class girl with a love problem such as sprout behind the neon lights all over Shaftesbury Avenue. The difference is that Ann Padley in this play is a highly intelligent and aware young woman; but she has been over-protected in the shelter of a family myth, and that myth is an intellectual not a class one. Miss Hughes, too, gave the impression of being alive to all these implications. Miss Agnes Lauchlan carefully does not overdo the genteel lady from the Padley past, and Miss Rachel Kempson gives a very good account of the conventional member of the family. Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies is a guest artist, and her firm playing of the Beatrice Webb character held the style perfectly and, if the part had allowed it—but, alas, it doesn't quite—she would have held the play dead centre too. There is nothing ostentatiously "experimental" about Mr. Devine's direction and perhaps its very great merits may be missed. Sensitive is an over-used word, but the right kind of sensitivity is the mark of the acting and production here, sensitivity to the author's intentions, and a serious attempt to get at the subtleties. Mr. Devine pushes the play just that little out of the conventional naturalistic framework—allowing his characters, for instance, at key points, to come out of the proscenium arch, and this I found very successful. He was helped by a most ingenious impressionist set by Motley.

Mr. Angus Wilson has tightened up his play since it was first produced, but he has not materially altered it. And this I must regret. It needed, as I wrote at the time, a fairly drastic overhaul, and that it has not had. There are two main themes—the shock to a protected girl, which is to make her grow up without losing the ideals on which she was bred, and the predicament of an idealistic older generation who seem to have made a mess of the lives of the young about them. Either would have carried the play, but there isn't room or time for both; and the situations which develop in each case suffer badly from under-preparation. The play moves too slowly and its curve is never firmly drawn. Still, these faults of construction show up worse on a second visit than on a first, and the play remains a fascinating and enjoyable experience. Mr. Angus Wilson creates an authentic world, and if we seem to be involved in the muddle of life rather than the order of art, we are at least completely involved; and we are continuously interested and frequently amused. Meanwhile we shall eagerly await Mr. Angus Wilson's second play.

Two of the promising Spring crop appeared just before Easter. First, a new comedy at the Globe. This, with its alluring title, *A Likely Tale,* and with two of our most brilliant comedians, Mr. Robert Morley and Miss Margaret Rutherford, looked a certain winner. But, alas for optimism, it is not quite. It begins well enough. A drawing-room out of the past in Wimbledon (wittily and decoratively realised by Motley again) where two old sisters and a brother sit waiting for their aged and bed-ridden father to summon them, which he will do by a thump on the floor that will set the chandelier rocking. One sister crochets, the other peruses her photograph album, and the brother between them mumbles over the paper. It is wittily evocative of a faded past; and whenever we return, as we do from time to time, to this ensemble (Miss Violet Fairbrother is the other sister) we are charmed and amused. But evocation and mood are not, as the author realises, enough; only what he proposes to offer in addition is all too feeble. There is some poor plot about the father's will; and Mr. Robert Morley, so perfect as the gently ageing poet *manqué,* noisily over-does the doubled part of the poet's spiv son; and even Miss Rutherford, we are surprised to discover, can become repetitious. There is a long drawn-out thread of a love interest between the maid and a visiting china fancier, which is as unconvincing as it is dull. Mr. Morley is, of course, impossible to resist and passages in this play are vintage—there is one wonderfully comic scene in which the poet gives a recitation of one of his wonderfully bad poems—but we have to endure too much between times.

If not a comedy, then the problem play is a safe bet, when the problem is interesting, the solution acceptable and the people alive. *One Bright Day,* at the Apollo, does provide an interesting problem and its people are sufficiently alive. The question is whether or not a company manufacturing a patent medicine is justified in allowing its product to remain on the market, even for a very short time, when there turns out to be a thousand to one chance that it will be dangerous to take. A sort



the things they say!

I might have begged a lift of that tanker driver.

Why should he stop for you?

Well, I took the plunge some time ago, and bought some I.C.I. stock.

I.C.I.? Rubbing shoulders with the big brass, aren't you?

Not a bit of it. Most of the stockholders in I.C.I. are small investors like me.

That's hard to believe.

I used to think the same — until I checked the facts. The truth is, 85% of the stockholders hold, on the average, less than four hundred £1 units of stock each.

But the rest hold a nice little packet, I'll bet!

Wrong again. There are surprisingly few large holdings and most of those belong to life insurance companies, pension funds and investment trusts.

So the money is spread throughout a very wide circle, when you work it out.

Yes, but somebody must hold a controlling interest.

The business is too big for that to happen.
There are over 200,000 stockholders.

How are you so well up on your facts?

Well, my own son works for them, you know. There's another thing — he's a stockholder himself now!
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of poor man's *Enemy Of The People*, in fact, reasonably well, if a little mechanically, contrived. But the real trouble with the play is that both problem and people are purely American in concept and it is played by a wholly English cast. This throws it out of focus. I found it just missed, in spite of an excellent stylish performance by Mr. Clive Brook and a nice delivery of some witty lines by Mr. Naunton Wayne.

T. C. WORSLEY

Mainly Zoological

FOR some years the best of Disney has been going into his True Life Adventures. Mating seals, desert insects have made a breach in that concreted sentimentalism. His latest adventure (did he, I wonder, ever go there himself?) takes place under Kilimanjaro. Three years were spent in filming *The African Lion*, and it was time well spent. Like most people, I know only the lions of the lion house and the circus ring: no wonder these last look so disgruntled; our first glimpse here is of a dozen of them sprawled on their backs in the sun like the tawny-hued heroes of the Riviera. Lazy swine! And the male worse, it seems, than the female; rarely hunts, disregards offspring and is nagged by spouse, and in the close-up suns his profile like a moth-eaten trophy. While the camera suggests this, the usual unreal Technicolor and drip of clichés spread thick their varnish of Nature's Pageant and the King of Beasts and the Law of the Jungle, so that we are pulled this way and pushed that, with the lion watcher's habit steadily growing.

Splendid, indeed, are the discoveries of a pride at ease, the herds grazing round, young lions playing, lionesses off on a hunt. Half a dozen of them will beat towards a seventh that lies in wait; and one spring will settle it—or won't. Some of these varieties of wildebeest, kudu, and impala can leave any lion standing and jump up to thirty feet. The swift arcs occupy the screen; the hunter lurks; then a well-away springer comes straight for danger, and his arc is scratched out before it can be described. In general it appears that the meat knows the hungry moods of the meat-eater, and never troubles itself otherwise. The moment of the kill fetches up lionesses and cubs, a strange retinue of hyena, jackal, and vulture, eager for pickings, whom it is the duty of the lion—according to Disney—to shoo off. They are as unbudgeable as the spectators of street accidents.

With lions at the centre we explore the other life of the jungle. Giraffes crop the tree-tops and mimic a duel of necks which at mating time may become dead earnest. Rhinos display a scimitar rage. Buffalos glower at us out of tremendous heads. Baboons look back—two-faced! Cheetahs hunt as the hunter should. And then a huge old elephant crashes out of a wood into the field where lions lounge and with one shriek scatters them to make way for his family which includes a day-old baby. It chases birds. The climax of the film comes with drought, and all creatures, hunted and hunter, winding in blind, endless procession towards fresh woods and pastures new. Dust storms, plagues of locusts enhance their cinematic journey.

No one will be able to see *The African Lion* without excitement, and the only pity is that its splendid eavesdropping should just lack the control of sympathy and intelligence. A second report from Disney globe-trotter will be found in the same programme, which, by the way, is at Studio One. This scoops the Blue Men of the Sahara and follows their three-hundred-mile journey to Marrakesh to sell camels. We learn, of course, about the last straw, but the peeps at camels and nomads are fascinating.

A film which may or may not reach the public is the hundred-minute Soviet report on Bulganin and Krushchev in India. Here the double-think and the globe-trotting of which Disney is only an amateur reach professional status; but those will be disappointed who look here for political news or gaffes. It is all very quiet, very discreet, and mildly engrossing. There can be no doubt that B. and K. enjoyed a triumph; they have the appearance of tough comedians in some farthest province. We see quite a lot of India and the Indians in a pale Soviet-colour well suited to the landscape, and are promised—if their presence should so stimulate us—further records of B. and K. in Afghanistan and Burma.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Les Ballets Africains, at the Palace

Les Ballets Africains is the nearest thing, barring films, to a reproduction of African tribal rites that has been seen in London. By comparison Catherine Dunham's American company is a cultivated offshoot, though plainly derived from the same stock. But here, besides the study of primitive ritual, is a successful artistic exhibition of music and dancing. These West African negroes have physical advantages of the highest order: the texture of their bitter brown skins and their muscular perfection have, in themselves, a power and a beauty that give animal elegance to every movement. Looking at the civilised white audience, how painfully hideous seem their actions: they mince, they strain, they move with the blind unnaturalness of a race that is losing its finer physical perceptions. In the ballets, which alternate with songs and instrumental solos, the music is entirely percussive; but the complicated beats, and the variety of expression in the three drums used, is so wide that there is no need for tonal sounds. For the dancers there is such wriggling, such jolting and twittering, such see-saw zigzagging, such a convulsive turmoil of action, always balanced and controlled by the basic drum rhythms, that it seems the performers must surely break or burst. And yet at the end there is not the least appearance of the sweating breathlessness to which white dancers are prone. The character with which the ballets are chiefly concerned is that of the witch doctor and his influence on brides, hunters and evil spirits, all set among delicate shelters of matting and the grey-green jungle. These settings are arranged with unaffected taste, as are both the costumes and the lack of costumes.

A. F.

Correspondence

STATE SECURITY

SIR,—It is good that every threat to civil liberties should be examined with scrupulous care. But such an examination into our security procedure cannot usefully be made unless we have the facts right. It is for this reason that I deplore that in his enthusiasm my old friend Benn Levy should give a wholly false impression of the findings of the conference of Privy Councillors. Any reader who has not himself studied the White Paper would be forced to conclude that we had proposed drastic new measures which amounted to little short of McCarthyism. In fact we said, as the White Paper makes clear, that the existing arrangements were sound, and we rejected the suggestions made in many quarters following the outcry over the Burgess-Maclean affair that new powers should be sought to deal with suspects. And the Home Secretary specifically stated in Parliament, when discussing the conference report, that there was to be "no departure from the policy which successive governments have laid down."

Not one of our detailed recommendations, designed to make the existing machinery more efficient, adversely affects civil rights. One proposes a civil right which did not exist before, the right of an employee in private industry to state his case to the advisory tribunal.

The allegations in Benn Levy's letter are such wild distortions that they require a detailed refutation. It is not suggested, and as far as I know never has been, that the *decision* to remove an individual from secret work should rest with M.I.5. The decision rests with the Minister in charge of the department concerned, who can be challenged by Parliament. There is no word in the White Paper which suggests any change in this practice.

No one is in danger as Benn Levy states "if he is unfortunate enough to own a Communist grandmother." The paragraph which must have prompted this allegation deals with the inevitable need, in certain circumstances, of sacrificing the rights of the individual to the interests of State safety. The White Paper's words are "an individual who is living with a wife or husband who is a Communist or Communist sympathiser may, for that reason alone, have to be moved from secret work, and that the same principle should be applied in other cases of like nature." Having a Communist grandmother is obviously not of a like nature to living with a spouse with whom one shares a home and bed. If Benn Levy were Foreign Minister or Minister of Defence would he, I wonder, employ in a responsible position in his department the wife of a known Communist?

Lastly, we say nothing which can possibly be interpreted as a "threat to private citizens who are loose-livers." Again the best refutation is a quotation of the sentence as it appears in the White Paper. "There is a duty on departments to inform themselves of serious failings such as drunkenness, addiction to drugs, homosexuality or any loose living that may seriously affect a man's reliability." I should have thought that if any criticism were valid against this sentence it would be that it was a statement of the obvious. The principle is applied in every responsible large-scale organisation, private or public, throughout the world.

Having, I hope, dispelled the alarmist impression of "montrous innovations" which, according to Benn Levy, the conference recommended and the government is going to adopt, I would like to draw attention to the real problem which all of us who regard the preservation of our civil liberties of the highest importance have to face squarely.

If one accepts the principle that no Communist or fellow-traveller (or pre-war, a member or fellow-traveller of the British Union of Fascists) should hold an office where his greater loyalty might tempt him to reveal secret information concerning national security to a potentially hostile power, then certain inescapable consequences follow and must be accepted. There must be a security service charged with the duty of finding out what evidence there is that an individual may be a fellow-traveller. And a fellow-traveller surely is one whose *associations* and *sympathies* with the party are so close as to make it probable that his loyalties are the same as a party member's.

Then someone must judge in each case (the Minister after taking account of the views of the tribunal) whether this condition does apply. This is a matter which is plainly not capable of proof in the legal sense, and inevitably some people will be transferred to other posts whose loyalty would in fact under all conditions be inviolate. But if a Minister is in serious doubt about an individual, could he follow any other course?

All these measures make some infringement on the rights and liberty of the individual, and the extent they do so largely depends on the spirit in which they are administered. But it is pointless for anyone to object to them in principle unless he is either prepared to abandon security measures altogether or is able to suggest an alternative way of carrying them out.

GEORGE STRAUSS

House of Commons.

MR. PAGET'S VIEW OF KENYA

SIR,—The sweeping optimism of R. T. Paget's article on Kenya is rather startling and I for one would want to examine his assumptions more critically. In the first place are we quite sure that rehabilitation is on the right lines? I, too, have visited the work camps in Kenya and I, too, have been impressed by the personal devotion of the men and women in "rehab" who are getting such a remarkable response from those detained under their care. But is it so surprising that they are getting encouraging results? It would be hard for any detainee to resist the overtures of these dedicated people—missionaries, Quakers and African pastors —who day after day have wrestled with their souls, offering them not only forgiveness for their trans-

Good old days
or bad?

In the old days, living standards for the great mass of people were undoubtedly low. But one of the principles followed by wealthy Victorians would stand our economy in good stead today. They did not spend to the hilt: they invested—in their own interests, maybe; but their money built up Britain's industry, which was in everybody's interest.

Today, the nation's income is more evenly spread. Yet the need for capital investment is as great as ever. Where is the money to come from? The public saves through Life Assurance: the Life Offices invest in British industry. And what sustains this vital flow of capital? Faith in British Life Assurance—a faith warranted by a long record of integrity.

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gressions, but a warmth of Christian fellowship they have never known before. At some camps this has been carried to extraordinary lengths. At Athi River camp, for example, which has been handed over to the M.R.A., the camp leaders told me "we try to win the men's hearts and minds by showing them we are all equally good and equally sinful in God's sight. We tell them we accept equality of guilt for Mau Mau." And they proudly point to the number of conversions they have achieved.

Now I personally doubt whether this is the right sort of "rehabilitation" to equip the African for the return to the harsh struggle of normal life in Nairobi, as a squatter or in the reserves; but what worries me still more is that many officials of the Kenya government doubt it, too, for different reasons. Some of the regular staff of the Prison Department look askance at much of the rehabilitation work, particularly at the other-worldly techniques of the M.R.A., which they feel are hardly a fitting preparation for the realities of life in Kenya today. But they are prepared to shrug their shoulders and let the "rehab boys" have their heads so long as they produce results. And, of course, they produce them. Of course Captain Gardiner gets a wonderful response from his young detainees at Wamumu when he offers them training, diet, physical culture and opportunities to develop themselves they have never known before. What matters is whether this kind of approach is going to become the normal pattern; for if it is not, rehabilitation will have done more harm than good. As Dr. Carothers has pointed out in his pamphlet, *The Psychology of Mau Mau,* "If the general white population of the colony cannot practise Christian principles in their dealings with their fellow men, both black and white, the missionaries might as well pack up their bags and go."

Here I need more convincing than Mr. Paget that the Kenya government has really learned the lesson of Mau Mau. The atmosphere has certainly improved, but by every one of Mr. Paget's tests the government is failing to concede Christian standards of equality to the African. The dominating fact is still the determination of the European to hang on to his privileges; and this is the key to agricultural policy. It is astonishing that Mr. Paget should have swallowed whole the official line that the Kikuyu land is the richest in Kenya: some is and some isn't. But we are surely a long way from being able to say that land in the reserves "can now provide a good living for more than its existing inhabitants." The poverty and squalor of so many of the new villages prove that the majority have not yet been lifted above the bare subsistence level. Children are still dying of malnutrition, and family life is still broken up by economic pressure. But the worst thing is that official policy is designed to keep the African out of the white man's preserves and to prove that the "land hunger" of the African is a myth invented by agitators.

The real answer to Mr. Paget is to be found in the election speech a fortnight ago of Mr. Michael Blundell, the European Minister of Agriculture. In this he not only pledged himself to the continued reservation of the White Highlands, but he went on also to oppose common schools, because, he said, Europeans in Kenya had a task and mission to establish western civilisation and must be educated in a manner which would fit them to discharge that mission. He then went on to say he favoured coalition with Africans in government, but there must be a European majority and European control. After a speech like that by one of the leading European progressives, what hope is there of getting other reforms such as the establishment of mixed juries or the independence of the police, for which Colonel Young as well as Mr. Paget and I have asked? Most disturbing of all is the current attack on the Kenya Federation of Labour. It is being threatened with de-registration because it dared to voice what the government considers "political" demands, its chief crime being that it has given evidence to the Coutts Commission on the African franchise. The T.U.C. has intervened to try to stop this piece of official folly.

I have just received a letter from a Kenya settler attacking me bitterly as an enemy of the Kenya settlers. Why? Because, with other Labour M.P.s, I have signed a letter to the Governor supporting the T.U.C.'s efforts on the Federation of Labour's behalf. Of course there are a number of Europeans in Kenya who are now talking in a new way—privately. When will they be prepared to act—to vote for changes that will make a reality of multi-racial policy? Rehabilitation needs to be a two-way process.

House of Commons. Barbara Castle

SOCIALISM AND THE WELFARE STATE

Sir,—In ragging the middle classes for their irrational letters to *The Times,* you are reflecting an attitude very common to the Labour Party. Electoral margins being what they are, it may be politically shortsighted.

The dilemma of the professional classes is a very real one. The Labour government's full employment and the welfare state substantially pushed up the real income of wage earners. Tory freedom with its depreciation of money has produced a speculator's boom that has brought riches indeed to a growing army of petty entrepreneurs cashing in on capital gains and tax-free expenses. Caught between the two, the real income of the salaried middle class has gone down some 30 per cent. on pre-war standards. Confused and bewildered and not politically as well educated as it ought to be, it is small wonder that it appears to clamour for what, in the terms of party programmes, are incompatibilities. Small wonder, too, that in the end it falls for Tory double talk and takes blue cards to the polling stations.

Can we, in the Labour Party, really allow this situation to progress unheeded? The middle classes, after all, have been, and largely still are, the source of most of the brain power upon which our technical efficiency and culture must depend. It is the middle classes who provide most of the scientists, doctors and teachers for the country and who, decreasingly, patronise its concerts, go to the legitimate theatre, and buy pictures. By and large they work hard and usually their work is not primarily for gain, but for the job, for the profession, for society if you like. Leave aside the "rights" and "wrongs" of pay levels . . . shifting sands such moralities . . . their attitude to life and learning requires a certain material standard, and the leisure that implies, if it is to reproduce itself. Most of us cannot now bring up our children with the sort of cultural background we enjoyed ourselves; we cannot so easily afford both piano lessons and opera tickets, and sending them abroad for long enough to learn a foreign language is quite out of the question. If our real incomes are allowed to sink much further (in teaching, for example, they have already sunk much too far) then in half a generation there will be no professional class as such. I doubt that will be a help to the next advance of Socialist Britain; but I am biased.

Professional incomes not being unreasonably high, the Labour Party could easily commit itself at least to maintaining them, and then steadily to levelling up for the wage earner. Policies such as the abolition of the present means-test on Education Authority grants for university students, and fiscal policies to stabilise the value of small savings, mortgages, superannuation schemes and the like, if courageously and explicitly presented, could quickly show the professionals which side their bread is in fact buttered. Unrestrained capitalism will finish them. Socialism (it need not be watered down, but it must not be purblind) is their only hope.

44 Hamilton Terrace, Nicolas Malleson
London, N.W.8.

FATHER HUDDLESTON

Sir,—Mr. Kingsley Martin, in his article "The Tragedy of Father Huddleston," was a little less than just to the Community of the Resurrection and its Superior. Father Huddleston has been recalled to be Novice-Master, the position next in importance to that of Superior, since he will be responsible for training the young priests of the community who will, unless the South African government expels the Community from South Africa, probably spend some time working there.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has no jurisdiction over the Community, whose Mother House is situated in the Province of York and in the diocese of Wakefield. Father Huddleston's recall would presumably be the decision of both Father Raynes, the Superior, and his Chapter. Those of us who know

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Father Raynes and his Community know also that they would be in no degree amenable to episcopal pressure (suppose it were exerted) in a matter such as this. No doubt Father Raynes would consult with the Bishop of Johannesburg, in whose diocese Father Huddleston worked, but the bishop's record shows him to be the last person who would wish to be rid of "this turbulent priest."

Certainly there is an element of tragedy in Father Huddleston's recall, but the decision to do so surely shows great courage on the part of the Superior and his Community since they must have been aware that their action would inevitably be misinterpreted, both inside and outside the church, and such misinterpretation would be capable of harming the Community to a far greater extent than the possible disapproval of the Archbishop of Canterbury or any other bishop or bishops.

St. Mark's Vicarage, F. L. WHEELER
S. Farnborough, Hants.

SIR,—In your vigorous article, "The Tragedy of Father Huddleston," you rightly reprehend the equivocal attitude of the Archbishop of Canterbury on the two urgent moral problems of racial domination and war. Is it not too simple, however, to explain Dr. Fisher's "lapses" by supposing some temporary mental confusion on his part? Surely the explanation lies in the ambivalence that must arise, for one in His Grace's position, from the political association of Church and State—in plain words, from the need to serve both God and Mammon? Hence the hesitant Laodicean witness, the opportunism when powerful secular interests are involved, and the pusillanimous pronouncements that so often appear to condone evil, if not to defend it.

Coleridge in his "Notes on the Book of Common Prayer" has a comment on one of the Articles of Religion of the Anglican Church, which I think is apposite in this connection. Article XXXVII reads: —

"It is lawful for Christian men at the commandment of the magistrate, to wear weapons and to serve in wars." "This," says Coleridge, "is a very good instance of an unseemly matter neatly wrapped up. The good men [the compilers] recoiled from the plain words—'It is lawful for Christian men at the command of a king to slaughter as many Christians as they can'!"

Newtownbreda, W. G. MCCULLOUGH
Belfast.

REPERTORY

SIR,—I usually find Mr. T. C. Worsley the soundest critic writing on the theatre in London papers—this is sincere, not "flannel"—but I must seriously question his article, in your current issue, on the new venture at the Royal Court Theatre which he claims to be "something quite new in the English theatre"; and says that "nothing so adventurous and full of promise has been planned and executed since Granville Barker's seasons at the Court." This is sheer nonsense, as Mr. Worsley must realise if he will only look back through your own columns.

A writer on the theatre in your journal following such predecessors as Massingham, St. John Ervine, Desmond McCarthy, Raymond Mortimer (to name a few) really cannot be excused for making such a rash assertion.

Repertory, both "true" and the misnamed short-run system using that name, has an honourable past under such names as Herbert Waring at Glasgow, the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, Miss Horniman at Manchester, Sir Barry Jackson at Birmingham, my own Everyman Theatre at Hampstead, and others.

Mr. Worsley says that generous patrons have amply guaranteed the venture; so also did generous patrons of the Everyman Theatre. All too soon it was discovered that "amply" is a very relative term, and if it had not been that I was able to finance the Everyman out of the large profits from my West End productions such as Noel Coward's "The Vortex," C. K. Munro's "At Mrs. Beam's," "The Mask and the Face," etc., my adventure would have died in a couple of years instead of continuing for six.

Mr. Worsley should know there is nothing new under the sun, at least in the theatre, and not a single idea that he claims as "new in the English theatre" but has already been tried. A score of producers must be aghast at learning they have never sought to develop a play in accordance with the author's style. Double-bills, treble-bills, quintuple-bills have been tried again and again to interest the public in the attractive one-act form in which, for instance, I made Eugene O'Neill first known in this country with "In the Zone." Decor which we older experimenters more modestly called scenery, without being witty about it, has been tried in every variety of "essentialism," and audiences have always been ready to use their imaginations. That our customers should be an audience and not just an "adventitious collection" has been the aim of every venture—I formed an association of "Friends of the Everyman" which, by the loyalty of its support, saw us through many bad patches.

I am anxious not to seem carping. I am aware that some of us should have put in book-form the practical difficulties and dangers for the guidance of those who still have enthusiasm and courage. I should like therefore to end with wholehearted greetings to Mr. Devine and his new venture, and hope his guarantors may match his courage.

NORMAN MACDERMOTT
24 Fitzjohns Ave., N.W.3.

AMBER AND PIERREPOINT

SIR,—Mr. Francis Williams writes in his "Fleet Street Notebook": "In an earlier period of circulation danger the *Sunday Dispatch's* position was restored by a series of serial stories of which 'Forever Amber' was among the most famous and successful."

The truth is that at the time the *Sunday Dispatch* began the serialisation of "Forever Amber" the circulation was at the highest in its history and the *Sunday Dispatch* was showing the greatest percentage increase over the previous few years of any newspaper in the country—morning, evening or Sunday. It is, therefore, quite untrue to say that it was in any "circulation danger."

With regard to Mr. Pierrepoint's articles, the *Sunday Dispatch,* like many other papers, expressed an interest in his memoirs on several occasions since 1947 but did not, in fact, ever make a bid for them.

William Willis's "Diary of a Hangman," which the *Sunday Dispatch* has published was (contrary to Mr. Williams' suggestion) secured by this newspaper long before there was any question of Pierrepoint writing his story.

CHARLES EADE
Sunday Dispatch, *Editor*
London, E.C.4.

PLATO AND OXBRIDGE

SIR,—Mr. Crossman attacks Plato, and quotes Miss Scrutton attacking Oxbridge, for very interesting reasons. But quite different reasons seem to me far more important.

In *The Republic,* st. 389, we find this (Jowett's translation): —

> Again, truth should be highly valued; if, as we were saying, a lie is useless to the gods, and useful only as a medicine for men, then the use of such medicines will have to be restricted to physicians; private individuals have no business with them.
>
> Then the rulers of the State are the only persons who ought to have the privilege of lying, either at home or abroad; they may be allowed to lie for the good of the State. But nobody else is to meddle with anything of the kind; and for a private man to lie in return to the rulers is to be deemed a more heinous fault than for a patient or the pupil of a gymnasium not to speak the truth about his own bodily illnesses to the physician or trainer, or for a sailor not to tell the captain truly how matters are going on a ship.

This idea, that it is right for authoritative people to lie, but wrong for all the others, is the main thing we must blame Plato for; and we must blame Oxbridge inculcating the idea that Plato is to be regarded with respect as a guide to right and wrong.

Though his appalling idea is stated most clearly in st. 389, the text is not isolated. St. 414 and st. 459 restate it directly. The Gestapo turns up in Laws, st. 964 (last 6 lines), and the Nocturnal Council (st. 951), with power to liquidate deviationists (st. 952) is easily understood now. I fear the lie-in-authority has really affected us. We are as yet fairly clear of the Gestapo and quite clear of the Nocturnal Council. But we are not safe. I remember a leading article in *Nature* (Nov. 1951, I think) commending Dr. Eric James's advice, in his book on education for leadership, that we might have to return to some of Plato's ideas of education. There have been other indications of the same tendency. I do not think Dr. James and *Nature* should be blamed. They pass on what they have innocently learned. But Oxbridge should not have taught Plato for hundreds of years without noticing what he was saying.

Totnes, Devon. HUGH HECKSTALL-SMITH

PAMPHLETS AND THE BRITISH MUSEUM

SIR,—My experience is confined to one corner of the field of voluntary action, but, so far as it goes, it tends to confirm Mr. Robert Pollard's impression that the British Museum receives few of the publications of voluntary societies. I have been making a special study of service and ex-service societies (of which there are perhaps 450 or so, apart from about 200 regimental associations and funds), and I have been disappointed to find how little of their literature has been deposited over the years.

But is Mr. Pollard correct in assuming an obligation under Section 15 of the 1911 Copyright Act? A week or so ago, almost disbelieving the evidence of the Museum general catalogue, I discussed this very question with a Museum official. His view was that the Section 15 obligation extends only to publications *offered for sale.*

Of course, I strongly support Mr. Pollard's purpose, which is to have made available in the Museum the general "open" records of voluntary societies in this country. I think (a) the legal position should be clarified (is the point being covered in the new Bill?); (b) if there is (or is to be) no legal obligation, the British Museum, perhaps jointly with the Bodleian, should ask voluntary societies to act as if there were.

GRAHAM WOOTTON

"In recent months the old-established **Journal of Education** *has, under the editorship of Mr. Boris Ford, acquired a new punch and sweep. It tends to consider the subject of education from a broad, but not vague, social and cultural perspective that makes its pages often exceedingly interesting even to readers who are not themselves schoolmasters."*

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

"Let in the North Tonight"

Critics and readers who lump women poets together as a category, show a vulgar judgment. Women who write poems resemble each other necessarily in their shape, not necessarily in their poetry. Kathleen Raine is a woman, and a poet; but her affinities are not with Lady Winchilsea, nor Elizabeth Barrett Browning, nor even—for all the wild northern passion—with Emily Brontë. They are with Vaughan and Traherne, with Blake and the Wordsworth of the Immortality Ode; and her fells, her wild hill-burns, her western shores, belong to the world which also contains the orient and immortal wheat, the shady city of palm trees, the clouds of glory and the forests of the night. She is, in fact, a visionary poet.

This is a definition that we can be much surer about making now that she has published her *Collected Poems**, though the volume contains no new work, only selections from the four books *Stone and Flower, Living in Time, The Pythoness* and *The Year One.* She has done much by her selection to make clear the true nature of her poetry: ruthlessly cutting out poems good in themselves, but which do not touch on what has become her only but inexhaustible subject: the vision of creation, upheld by love. I was sorry, on first turning the pages, not to find some of the early poems —which came from the Cambridge where she and William Empson and Humphrey Jennings and J. Bronowski wrote poetry and started *Experiment*—but I cannot regret that she has given so firm an outline to a vision of exceptional beauty and power:

It burns in the void,
Nothing upholds it.
Still it travels.

Travelling the void
Upheld by burning
Nothing is still.

Burning it travels.
The void upholds it.
Still it is nothing.

Nothing it travels
A burning void
Upheld by stillness.

This poem is called *The World,* and her vision is of the whole created world, and of the continuing process whereby man comes out of creation, takes a name, asserts an individuality, and is then resumed into the flux of being. Long before she ever heard of Neoplatonism she had intuitively seen life as a state to which souls descend from their real home and to which, after their exile which is life, and their death which is also a birth, they return.

To fall deep is to rise
Drawn to the deep summit of a kiss,
And death and birth
Are but the same sleep and the single grace
That bends all courses to the round of earth.

Such intuitions are not uncommon: even the most prosaic of us can recall—or can remember having had, as children—moments when a landscape, a feeling, a passage of music, a face, a dream, have struck us as the reflection or echo of an experience which we never had in this life. But intuitions and ideas, however beautiful, do not of themselves make poetry. What makes Kathleen Raine a poet is that she did not start with ideas, but with experience—with visions in the most literal sense of the word: a real landscape or person seen as if the world were new—and that her visions were matched by a particularly strong earthiness. It is the earthiness partly of a child brought up in the country, partly of a trained biologist:

Love has prepared
The paths of your coming.
Plankton and nekton
Free-swimming pelagic
Spawn of the waters
Has brought you to birth
In the life-giving pools,
Spring has led you
Over the meadows
In fox's fur
Has nestled and warmed you,
With the houseless hare
In the rushes has sheltered. . . .

This feeling for what Blake calls minute particulars helped to make her a poet; what has made her an outstanding poet is the effort she has made to give coherence to what for most of us remain fragmentary experiences. This is the theme of *Isis Wanderer*:

I piece the divine fragments into the mandala
Whose centre is the lost creative power,
The sun, the heart of God, the lotus, the electron
That pulses world upon world, ray upon ray . . .

In a sense all the earlier poems in this collection are fragments, the record of isolated acts of apprehension; but gradually, reading through the *Collected Poems,* we become aware of a sustained effort to build the fragments into a considerable structure, to realise the whole of the vision. The first, and perhaps most satisfying of these structures, is the *Northumbrian Sequence,* a poem in six parts whose epigraph comes from Bede's account of the conversion of the King of Northumberland:

> So seems the life of man, O King, as a sparrow's flight through the hall when you are sitting at meat in winter-tide, the fire on the hearth, the icy rainstorm without.
>
> The sparrow flies in at one door and tarries for a moment in the light and heat of the hearth-fire, then flies forth into the darkness whence it came.

The first part of the *Sequence* states the force preceding all forms of life.

Pure I was before the world began,
I was the violence of wind and wave,
I was the bird before bird ever sang.

In the second, the force is mirrored in the forms of the world; the third is a celebration of the beauty of the world when apprehended through love; the fourth summons the soul to birth in an invocation of terrifying power:

The storm beats on my window-pane,
Night stands at my bed-foot,
Let in the fear,
Let in the pain,
Let in the trees that toss and groan,
Let in the north tonight.
Let in the nameless formless power
That beats upon my door,
Let in the ice, let in the snow,
The banshee howling on the moor,
The bracken-bush on the bleak hillside
Let in the dead tonight.

The whistling ghost behind the dyke,
The dead that rot in mire,
Let in the thronging ancestors
The unfulfilled desire,
Let in the wraith of the dead earl,
Let in the unborn tonight . . .

In the lyrical fifth section the incarnated soul is caught between the downward pull of earth and body and the upward surge of song and spirit. The final movement is a meditation on the implications of such a vision for one human being.

The *Northumbrian Sequence* is followed by a number of poems whose physical setting and reference are to the Western Highlands and Isles, where shells are witness of the millions of years that went to the making of the sea's floor, rock speaks of the slow pulsations that raised the mountain ranges, and the waters round the islands and craggy promontories reiterate the flux that precedes all life and to which life returns. In two or three of these poems I think Kathleen Raine has reached that "condition of complete simplicity, costing not less than everything"; they have the simplicity that comes after complexity, the sweetness that comes after pain, and the clearness of a fine day in the West when the eye plunges through fifty feet of flawless water to pick out the colours of the pebbles on the sea-bed. *Amo Ergo Sum* is a complex intellectual concept: but the poem of that name is crystalline: "Because I love"—and the stress is on the verb—

Because I love
The sun pours out its rays of living gold
Pours out its gold and silver on the sea.

Because I love
The earth upon her astral spindle winds
Her ecstasy-producing dance . . .

Because I love
Wind blows white sails,
The wind blows over flowers, the sweet wind blows . . .

Because I love
The iridescent shells upon the sand
Take forms as fine and intricate as thought.

Because I love
There is an invisible way across the sky,
Birds travel by that way, the sun and moon
And all the stars travel that path by night.

Kathleen Raine is Northumbrian by upbringing and Scottish by ancestry, and it looks as if it were only when she followed her nose home that she found the forms which could adequately embody her visionary world. There is a sense of clues being picked up, signposts followed, landscapes recognised, as if in journeying to the North she were journeying back to her beginnings, to the nearest point to the world before this world.

The singlemindedness with which she has sought to realise her vision has resulted in a certain indifference towards the technique of poetry: she has a marked lack of interest in craftsmanship, in the deliberate manipulation of words and rhythms. Here and there her poetry issues in a kind of gawkiness:

---

* *Collected Poems.* By Kathleen Raine. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15s.

The pool holds their images; to weed and fish not real
They rest upon the surface, colour and form of things
True, though not there as they to themselves elsewhere are.

I can think of half-a-dozen less good poets who would have smoothed down, or sharpened up, such lines. But the gawkiness strikes me as mainly a defence of an inner citadel, just as a person's almost wilfully preserved Northern accent may be a defence of a Northern integrity. What this poet has to guard is too precious to be compromised by mere deftness, mere playing; and at the great moments the skill is not lacking, and the words dance:

But on the hillside I have heard
The voice of the prophetic bird
That feeds upon the bitter fruit,
I have heard the blackbird sing
The wild music of the wind,
Utter the note the sun would cry,
Sing for the burn that flows away.

It is a poetry that is highly personal, because it comes through one person's apprehension, and impersonal, because the person is only the channel through which the vision is realised. It is intuitive, but not anti-intellectual, for it is through the intellect that she has grasped the cycle of creation in the natural world which mirrors the cycle in the life of the soul; and her scientist's vision of man as a complex form of creation counterpoints her spiritual vision of him as an exile from Eden:

Man, with farther to travel from his simplicity,
From the archaic moss, fish, and lily parts,
And into exile travels his long way.

It is non-human in that it sees man, not as lord of nature but as an insignificant part of a process which began long before he emerged from the mud; yet it is deeply human because it is through this insignificant part that the whole can be apprehended:

For earth's days and nights are breaking over me
The tides and sands are running through me,
And I have only two hands and a heart to hold the desert and the sea.

On such tensions, between such poles, this poetry is stretched. In its delicate flowering it may seem far removed from our earthy concerns: but its roots are in the great common experiences of birth, death, love and pain. It is the fruit, not of escape or renunciation, but of a willingness to accept these human experiences more passionately and with greater awareness than most of us would dare. Indeed, it is these experiences, fully undergone, that have heightened her visionary powers. Towards the end of the book there are three Poems of Incarnation: the soul is a child in a boat sailing in to harbour and birth. "Go back, my child" the world warns:

Go back, my child, to the rain and the storm,
For in this house there is sorrow and pain
In the lonely night.

But the soul refuses:

I will not go back for sorrow or pain,
For my true love weeps within
And waits for my coming.

Kathleen Raine's is not a poetry about running away from life; it comes from a profound and often agonising understanding of the implications of being alive, in time.

JANET ADAM SMITH

Holy Comrades

Communism and Christianity. By MARTIN D'ARCY. *Penguin.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Father D'Arcy is the *intellectuel de choc* of British Catholicism. He has a mind like a sapphire-tipped needle. He has read all the important books. He is smart, succinct and as up to date as an infra-red steak grill. Alone of his British colleagues, he does not regret the passing of the Middle Ages and does not believe that Aquinas said the last word on everything. Nor does he begin his analysis of Communism by boring us with slave-labour camps and Archbishop Stepinac. His comparative study of the Marxist and Catholic views of life—a subject of far greater importance than most rationalists would admit—can therefore be read without irritation and, indeed, with considerable pleasure. He was, to say the least, unlucky in having to write his book before the Twentieth Party Congress in Moscow—which will play as important a part in Marxist history as the Council of Trent in the life of the Catholic Church—and he errs, like Harry Pollitt and Maurice Thorez, in regarding Stalinism as the necessary and inevitable consequence of Leninism. But in most respects, his review of Communist beliefs is fair and accurate, and his apologia for Catholicism temperate, self-critical and cogent.

Unfortunately, none of this leads him to any very original conclusions. "The philosophies," he sums up, "cannot be amalgamated, and the fundamental reason is that the one believes in God and the other leaves God out." It is difficult to see how a Christian writer could come to any other conclusion, but it is not, alas, the whole answer. Both religions started out as revolutionary movements and transformed themselves into imperial powers by conquest. The Catholic Church avoided the decay which inevitably dissolves empires by adopting Popular Front tactics and co-operating with other powers and movements on an empirical basis. The Marxist religion is now starting to do the same; and its success will depend largely on the extent to which it emulates the agonising deliberation which is the Church's greatest contribution to political science. But these are mere historical similarities. The real parallel runs much deeper. As Father D'Arcy points out, Marxism is incompatible with true liberty because Marx adopted the Hegelian definition of freedom as "knowledge of necessity." But this is itself the exact philosophical equivalent—and can be used to justify similar absolutist practices—as the Christian doctrine of "the will of God." If there is a fundamental conflict between historical necessity and revolutionary action in Marxism, there is also a conflict between the will of God and individual free will in Christianity; and faith alone cannot bridge the gap because the conflicting concepts are themselves dogmas. In both cases, a temporal absolutism had to be

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created in order to dictate to the faithful how the contradictions should be resolved.

This, of course, is what has happened. The Marxist classless society, though retained as a concept and an ideal, had to be replaced as an organ of government by a pyramidal elite—the Communist Party. Similarly, the Christian universal community had to abdicate its responsibilities to a hierarchical Church. In both cases, these purely secondary features became dominant and self-perpetuating. Indeed, in order to preserve themselves, the elites twisted and rebuilt the basic fabrics of their creeds. Stalin became an expert on architecture and biology. The Papacy, as its temporal power receded, extended its spiritual omniscience into realms undreamt of by St. Peter, or even Innocent III. Whether God is left in or out, the fact remains that both had to deal with the affairs of men, and had to take note of historical change and adapt themselves to its decisions. The process, inevitably, will go on. The Communists have just been forced to come to terms with the ineradicable human longing for a modicum of liberty and a modicum of reason; and much of their Byzantine scaffolding has therefore had to be dismantled. The Church, in her turn, is now confronted with the impending triumph of a materialist civilisation which she has declared to be anathema. Sooner or later, she too will have to revise her eternal truths. Perhaps at some not too distant date, another "cult of personality" will be denounced in a Vatican consistory and the Stalinist doctrine of Papal Infallibility repealed. Father D'Arcy, if I read him aright, would be the first to applaud.

PAUL JOHNSON

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No Heretics

A History of Sweden. By INGVAR ANDERSSON. Translated by CAROLYN HANNAY. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 36s.

Sweden has been well served by its historians: they are some of the best in Europe, and the school of the late Eli Heckscher continues his work on a European basis. They have been fortunate, too, in their English interpreters. Thanks to Professor Michael Roberts, some of the best Swedish work on the Vasa period is accessible to us, either in translation or through his own excellent book on Gustavus Adolphus. What has been missing hitherto is a good general history of Sweden. There is no doubt whose history that should be: it is Ingvar Andersson's admirably judicious work, which was first published in 1943 and which has already been translated into German. The appearance of an English translation is therefore timely and welcome.

What is the permanent character of Swedish history? We naturally think of the Vasa era, when Sweden was a great power, and that astonishing line of kings, whose genius, as Mark Pattison wrote, was often indistinguishable from the madness in which it sometimes ended. There was not one of the Vasa kings who was not a formidable personality, from Gustav Vasa, the founder of the dynasty, the bailiff and wholesale merchant of his country, to Charles XII, its last monarch, that incredible romantic warrior, whose life inspired Voltaire and whom Dr. Johnson saw as the Hannibal of modern times. And between them are Eric XIV, the royal aesthete who ended in the madhouse, and Queen Christina, the royal bluestocking, who ended in Rome, and the conquerors Gustavus Adolphus and Charles X, and the dry despotic bureaucrat Charles XI, who brought the monarchy back to the economic basis from which, in the days of conquest, it had so erratically strayed.

And yet in fact the Vasa era in Sweden, that volcanic, almost lunatic era, is perhaps exceptional. The Vasas gave Sweden an empire; but it was an empire without an economic basis and it barely outlived them. Economically indeed the Vasas, even the most advanced of them, were reactionary. They believed in "passive trade," and if, like our Queen Elizabeth, they squeezed out the Hansards, it was not to replace them by a Swedish merchant class, but simply to call in the Scots and the Dutch to do their business for them. The greatest of Swedish capitalists, even under Gustavus Adolphus, was still a foreigner, and the economic capital of Sweden was not Stockholm but Amsterdam. Whatever may be written about the European industrial revolution of the sixteenth century, the Swedish industrial revolution did not come till the late nineteenth century, long after the empire had gone. And between them lies yet another phase of Swedish history, again very different from the sound and fury of the Vasas: the age of the Enlightenment, the calm genius of Linnaeus, the pietism of Swedenborg: the age of the Swedish Walpole, Arvid Horn, of the Swedish Whigs, the Caps and the Hats; and, in the end, of the Swedish Tory, who closed the period, the patriot king Gustavus III, "the enchanter of the throne," as Tegnér called him, "a fascinating and diverse personality," as Professor Andersson describes him, "a strange mixture of infant prodigy, cold-blooded intriguer, high-principled hero, and unworldly aesthete." With Gustavus III one feels for a moment back in the Vasa world, the world of Eric XIV. But it is only for a moment: an assassin's bullet ended that interlude of eccentric despotism, and in the dull Sweden of the last century it has never recurred.

What has occurred is the constitutional and industrial progress of Sweden, and what makes it dull is the fact that it occurred so peacefully. Sweden had no French Revolution, no 1848, no imperialism. And here again we are reminded of a fact in Swedish history which it is very easy to overlook if one is blinded, as one so easily can be, by the eccentric Vasa era: the slowness, the gradualness, the bloodlessness of its development. Even under the hectic Vasas this can be seen, beneath the surface. It can be seen in the survival of peasant representation in the Riksdag which, in a country that had never been "feudal", prevented the triumph of an aristocracy which was in fact largely foreign. Professor Roberts, in his altogether admirable introduction to this book, dwells instinctively on this topic. "We are immediately struck," he writes,

> by the circumstance that in Sweden so many developments appear to come so late: by Western standards the whole history of Sweden seems to be retarded. Man came late to Sweden; the Romans never came at all; Christianity did not finally triumph till half a millennium after St Augustine came to Britain. Lying on the periphery of the world of the Western Church, rescued from heathendom only when the renaissance of the twelfth century was in full flower, Sweden escaped those great clashes between *regnum* and *sacerdotium* which provided much of the dynamic of the medieval history of the West. No investiture contest, no statutes of Provisors or Præmunire, mark the hisory of Church-State relations; and the relatively brief supremacy of Rome is untroubled by a single important heretic. . . .

"Untroubled by a single important heretic. . . ." There perhaps also lies the secret of Sweden's dullness, a fundamental dullness which is illuminated, rather than deflected, by occasional inspired lunacy. The results are undeniable. Sweden today is "the People's home", materialist, egalitarian, rational, neutral, and somewhat complacent. If the purpose of history is smooth, orthodox progress towards a boring social democracy, then the Swedes have some reason for that touch of smugness which foreigners sometimes ascribe to them. Of course I hasten to dissociate myself from such views. I do not believe that such is the purpose of history. Consequently I can read Swedish history without either complacency or depression, as part of the history of social change. That is the spirit in which the best Swedish history is written. As such it is never dull.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

Towards the Nuclear Age

Atom Harvest. By LEONARD BERTIN. *Secker & Warburg.* 20s.

Mr. Bertin is a prominent member of a small but important profession, that of scientific journalism. His work on the *Daily Telegraph* is well known, and he has now written an extremely readable, and also an accurate, account of atomic energy described from the historical and personal standpoint. He deals with the early scientific background, the development during the war, which as far as I know, has not been described so fully before, and goes on to the post-war period, particularly as it concerns this country. He feels that we were treated harshly by the U.S. in the matter of information in view of the amount which we contributed to the war effort in the way of ideas and top scientific workers. It was certainly unfortunate that the McMahon Act was drafted and passed by men who were ignorant of the existence of the Quebec Agreement between Churchill and Roosevelt, but as this agreement left industrial and commercial aspects to the discretion of the President, it cannot be claimed that the Act, though hardly consistent with the spirit, contravened the letter of the Agreement. We ought perhaps to remember that the U.S. spent a great deal of money on the project and felt that Britain was adequately rewarded for her contribution in ideas by the use that the bombs were in shortening the war.

Mr. Bertin makes little demands on the reader's technical knowledge, but gives a clear picture of what the technical men are trying to do, and a general idea of how they are doing it. Indeed, he is at his best in the description of personalities, and in rendering the atmosphere of research and production establishments. It is not an easy thing to do, one can so easily be gushing or wooden, but he avoids both these dangers. The picture he gives of the development of atomic energy for war and for peace in this country is both vivid and heartening. Great risks were taken because of the lack of information, but they came off, and the zero date of August, 1952, for the first bomb was met. This was more than of merely military importance. The bomb was of plutonium made in a reactor which inevitably also produced a great deal of heat. It was only one step further, though a difficult one, to use this heat in a turbine and dynamo to produce electric power. In fact the reactors which are due to start producing power for the grid this year are modelled on these that made plutonium for the first bomb.

The "Programme of Nuclear Power" set out in the White Paper of February, 1955, has already been added to by the decision of the Authority to proceed with three more stations containing six reactors of dual-purpose types designed to produce both power and plutonium. While the "first stage" of the programme uses graphite-moderated gas-cooled reactors of a kind now fairly well known, the second stage will require something more advanced. There are several competing systems and it will not be easy to decide. In the design of reactors the long time-scale makes difficulties. It takes two years to design a station and three or four more to build it. If one is to make rapid advance one cannot wait till the first pattern is working, and use experience derived from it to help in the design of the second. Risks must therefore be taken, so far all has gone well but one ought not to be too perturbed if at some stage there is a hitch. Rapid development of nuclear energy is so vital to the prosperity of the country that one must accept an occasional partial failure as a moderate price to pay.

Increasing amounts of power, especially in the form of electricity, are essential to our prosperity, and it is pretty clear that we cannot hope that the Coal Board will do much more than hold their own. It is not so much that nuclear energy may prove cheaper than energy from the coal of an average mine—though with rising coal prices it very likely may—as that it can be made available in rapidly increasing amounts. Without it we should either have to condemn our industries to the cramping inefficiency of inadequate power supplies, or spend an amount in dollars on U.S. coal or oil which we might well find virtually impossible. Nuclear energy has come only just in time. How wise we were to start large-scale work in that field after the war and not wait for information to be released from the U.S.!

It seemed at one time as if waste products would be a serious headache, but that view is passing. In fact these products, in so far as they are dangerous, produce radiations which are potentially of great value. So far from it being a difficult problem to dispose of them, they ought to bring in a good revenue. Already radioactive caesium has found uses as a radium substitute in medicine, and though active strontium, the other long-term (and so dangerous) product has not yet done so, it probably will in time.

The genetic effects of radiation is a subject which always seems to lead to heated discussions. It was the only topic that did so at the technical conference in Geneva last summer, though rather fortunately for international good fellowship the strongest supporters of opposite views came from the same delegation. As Mr. Bertin points out, one at least of the principal factors is unknown, the natural mutation rate in man. Deliberate experiments are obviously ruled out, and even if they were not, might take centuries to appraise. The best evidence is probably the existence of populations who have lived for many generations at high altitudes, where the natural cosmic radiation is much more intense than at sea level, without apparently suffering genetic damage.

Isotopes find new uses every year. Consignments from Harwell, according to Mr. Bertin, have risen from 125 in 1947 to nearly 20,000 in 1954, of which 7,252 went overseas. In most

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cases radioactive isotopes are used as detectors, to track the flow of ordinary atoms with which they mix and from which they are in practice inseparable. Their merit is that they are detectable in vastly smaller concentrations than ordinary non-radioactive atoms, and that they allow one of two or more sets or streams of otherwise identical atoms to be clearly marked and independently detected. Radioactive gold deposited on carbon particles is used to detect faults in the filters used in the brewing industry. If the filter is not working, radioactivity can be detected in the beer.

GEORGE THOMSON

A Question of Status

Unprofessional Essays. By JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY. *Cape.* 15*s.*

There must now be a whole generation of readers (and, indeed, of reviewers) to whom the name of J. Middleton Murry is simply one which pops up in books on D. H. Lawrence or in published diaries and Bloomsbury reminiscences. The gentleness with which Murry's too-infrequent books are treated nowadays is perhaps, as much as anything, an indication of surprise and diffidence. The man has no obvious smell of the Thirties about him. He writes clearly and seems to know his subject. Let us give him the benefit of the doubt.

It is a career which takes a bit of sorting out, even if (as I was) you were close, possibly too close, to Murry at one time. A scholarship boy (but not quite of the poorest), he read Greats for a short while, with the promise of enormous distinction, at Oxford. The author, by then, of a novel, a volume of verse and a monograph on Dostoevsky, he became Chief Censor in 1919 and, for his war-work in political intelligence, was awarded the O.B.E. After two years of editing the *Athenæum*, he founded, on the death of his first wife Katherine Mansfield, the *Adelphi.* Having received some form of mystical illumination, he thereafter alternated between religious and literary works, announced, in 1932, his conversion to a variety of communism and, four years later, after founding a socialist community in Essex, became a pacifist, which he remained until 1948 or thereabouts, when he published a book recommending a holy war against Russia. At one time, he declared his intention of taking orders (C. of E.). He now lives in Norfolk, a successful farmer, and the reports one hears of his health are not always good.

SIX PEOPLE AND LOVE

STELLA ZILLIACUS

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PUTNAM

Murry first, I suppose, aroused fury by presenting D. H. Lawrence as a sexual weakling in a book published the year after Lawrence's death, though his *God* (which opens with a section called Autobiography) must already, in 1929, have given rise to some adverse comment, and there were understood to be satirical portraits of him in several of D. H. Lawrence's stories (e.g., *Jimmy and the Desperate Woman* and *The Smile*) and Burlap in Aldous Huxley's *Point Counterpoint* was also supposed to be Murry. His previously much-admired *Keats and Shakespeare* began to seem merely the first of a series of self-identifications with people who had been "crucified." The conversion to communism maddened, above all, the communists, though I remember G. K. Chesterton (who, in those days, believe it or not, reviewed books on the wireless) characterising Murry, on the appearance of his *William Blake*, as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, 'There is no God, and Karl Marx is His prophet'." For eight or nine years, Murry must have been the best-hated man of letters in the country, though, commonly, people would admit that, when he had been content to be a critic, he had been a good one.

Now the *Sturm und Drang*, the hurly-burly, are over. Murry has written these essays (he thus explains the title) "wholly to please myself at a time when I am no longer dependent on literary criticism for my livelihood. Not that they are, necessarily, any the better for that. But they are longer and more substantial essays than I used to have the opportunity of writing when I was a professional." One may just wonder why, though the essays are long, the book is so very short, why, in fact, there are only four of these essays (and are they, in fact, longer than those in the subscription-published *Wanderer*, twenty years ago?). Still, that is the way of precious distillations. Into the first essay, "In Defence of Fielding," one swims with ease and delight. The cries from the beach (they were the voices of Dr. F. R. Leavis and a reviewer in the *Times Literary Supplement*) fade. Murry is praising Fielding as a moralist, whose view of the relations between the sexes is utterly "sound and free." It is a splendid gloss on the English expression "good-natured" (what is the French equivalent for this?—certainly not, as it is used here, *complaisant*). The motivation of this essay seems clear, though perhaps Dr. Leavis and the *Supplement* are not quite so influential as Murry imagines.

The second essay, "Clare Revisited," begins, "It is high time he was, by me." The hope no doubt is that the reader will say, "Me, too." The essay itself falls oddly into two parts. It begins by tracing the pattern of Clare's madness in terms which owe nothing to recent psychology: most of this might have been written by a contemporary of Clare's. This part of the second essay is probably (I speak in some ignorance both of Clare's own work and of what has been written about him) the finest thing in the book. As the sympathetic description of any course of madness must be, it is also very moving. The second part of the essay I found merely interesting. It analyses Clare's reaction to the land enclosures of the early nineteenth century and insists (from a modern farmer's point of view) that enclosure was desirable and Clare's view of the matter idiosyncratic.

With the essay on Whitman, the question why it was written begins to obtrude. Nobody seems to have been attacking Whitman lately, and Murry's essay, while it may here and there enlarge, does not distinctly modify the usual view of the man and his work, except, perhaps, in so far as Murry argues convincingly about the essential humility of Whitman's characteristic attitudes. What we principally learn is that Murry still thinks highly both of Whitman and of democracy. This piece, too, is the one in which there is most glimpse of the old Murry. Whitman's *Song of Myself*, we are to suppose, enshrines something in the nature of a true "mystical experience." Remembering the amount Murry has written on this subject in the past, one restrains, with difficulty, a chuckle when he now writes:

> To get to the root of this conviction, . . . we should need to inquire into the nature of the mystical experience, when it happens to a man who has worked himself free of adherence to any particular system of religion. Such an inquiry would probably not be very rewarding.

Murry's view of T. S. Eliot's philosophy in the plays is one with which I find myself in such immediately ready agreement that I cannot judge whether it can possibly have failed to register on the mind of anybody not, by temperament, impelled to the same life-rejection as Mr. Eliot, its *vide comblé* with practical jokes in the vestry. Murry, I feel, pulls his punches. There really was something very funny about that irritating girl being eaten by ants, and a less respectful audience would have hooted.

The conclusion about Clare is, I suppose, that life is sometimes unaccountably sad. Otherwise, these essays are normative. The question remains with me, why those and why not more? Perhaps this is ungrateful. There is some very beautiful writing in this book. (One is perhaps too conscious of that. It is *belles lettres* size.) The experience of reading it I found enlivening, touching, baffling and, oddly, in the end, the least bit chilling.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

Death and the Maiden

I am Fifteen and I do not Want to Die. By CHRISTINE ARNOTHY. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

It is such a bad title—one would be more interested if she was fifteen and *did* want to die—and the cover seems to be a muzzy shadow on ugly tile-red; but I had heard something of the book indirectly, and Antonia White's name as translator, and the first page invited search.

A cellar in Budapest: the Germans hold the town, but the Russians are coming, and it can't be long before. . . . Then the hope dies down; the Germans have decided to stay and fight. So once more there will be days and nights (which is which?) of slow starvation, bombardment, the yelp of the A.A. gun, the sight of a shoe-lace in cooking fat, no coal in a burning city, water to be fetched from the tap in Duck Street, the common dread and irritation of a dozen besieged persons. "How many?" asks the young soldier, whose appearance has startled even the dying: he had bread and bacon to divide. He will fetch medicine, flour—a whole bag, but it turns out to be plaster. In despair there are sallies out into the streets, where strange tribes are found wandering; then the Nazis come into the hall upstairs, and their horses stand round the bannister; days later they are lying there with eyes pleading for water. This is the world revealed to a Hungarian child, which we can hardly imagine from our own party-going experience of cellar life in a blitz.

Death is a great caricaturist. The fat concierge in the cellar next door enjoys the wine. The old Swiss lawyer is outraged by the shelling of his flat upstairs: flagrant breach of neutrality. An old man, dying of pneumonia, shares his bed with a baby weak from lack of milk. The Jew bravely wears his red star, not knowing that, when he displays it to the first Russian soldier, he will get a bayonet thrust in the stomach. One day four Nazis with tommy-guns seek a culprit for provisions stolen. The lawyer, aged eighty, screams that he wants to live.

Then came the great silence, the rescuing and raping, and at last, for Christine Arnothy and her parents, the long dangerous journey on foot to a friendly frontier. She has set it all down, vividly, looking back on the experience that made her a writer. She has acute senses, a tormented interest, a dry self-pity. How far this schooling will carry her one can hardly guess. Appealing though her book is, it lacks the greater humanity of that little masterpiece of the kind: Anna Frank's *Diary of a Young Girl*. But she did not live to look back. G. W. Stonier

The Other Half World

A Contest of Ladies. By William Sansom. *Hogarth.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Winter in the Air. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. *Chatto & Windus.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Strange Stories. By Villy Sørensen. *Secker & Warburg* 12*s.* 6*d.*

One of the most curious features of the English short story is the difficulty of establishing its whereabouts, its *mores.* Set the tale in Dublin or New York, and at once the pattern is predictable. We know what people we shall meet, what rules are there to be broken. When, where, for instance, did that self-conscious gipsyish English countryside spring up, with all its morbid eccentrics? It was never there in the nineteenth-century novels. Is there a natural recognisable English scene which does not lie at some peculiar edge of life?

Mr. Sansom, with his suburbs, seaside resorts and decayed old mansions will not help us to answer such questions. He is a clever but lazy writer—too well cushioned by prestige, perhaps—who has fallen into a sad habit of imitating himself. (Only "sad" is not the word.) As a result, the stories in *A Contest of Ladies* are limited to his two familiar moods, the vulgar and the macabre. His tireless relish for bad taste finds its fullest scope in the holiday resort, preferably on the Continent, where his suburban compatriots may display their mental attitudes at their purest and least inhibited. The other mood, the jolly Gothic, covers more than the cemeteries or lonely big houses in the Fulham or Woking areas. There is only one tale (*Alicia*) in this collection which does not harbour something repulsively unpleasant or ludicrously undignified. In the best story, *Question and Answer,* the "thing" is a vast live sea-slug on a fisherman's slab; in the worst, the tasteless *Beauty and the Beast,* it is a monstrous marriage relationship. Bodies, living and lush (as in the title story, a long-drawn joke about a beauty contest) or dead, abound in Mr. Sansom's tales. Looking at them, so "clever," fluent, horrid and madly impossible—really, at times, one might be reading Mr. Gerald Kersh.

There is no question of Sylvia Townsend Warner imitating herself, though in fact, in *Winter in the Air,* she never leaves the English scene, the rural scene, mostly, at that. It is refreshing to find stories in which women are neither brittle nor frustrated on the American model, nor nasty like Mr. Sansom's. Her spinsters, ageless country gentlewomen, have poise, taste, and—necessarily—a private income: even the wives are ladies. Perhaps in the title-piece the wife is too much of a lady; it is the one weak story in the book, best passed over quickly. And yet the subjects are very varied. One outstanding story, *The Children's Grandmother,* is a brilliant variation on the theme of loss by death. But the same qualities, of astringent wit and elegant understatement, are in *Evan,* an episode of a schoolboy and a prostitute, in *A Funeral at Clovie,* which tells of an ingenious escape, *A Kitchen Knife,* about a suburban marriage, and other stories. Loss; the caustic glance at the past; the effect of landscape and weather on the human creature's emotions—these are the recurring elements of her tales. One must admire the control, the expert writing which gives each one the stinging impact of its close.

The author of *Strange Stories* is a very young, very gifted Danish writer (twenty-three when this book was published, a few years ago, in its original language). "At first sight," says Mr. Angus Wilson in his introduction,

> *Strange Stories,* which take us to a fabulous world, seem to say little of Scandinavia, but I believe that in fact they tell us far more of that Scandinavian-Germanic world, that third great European culture which we have evaded to our loss and at our peril, than the whole familiar legion of novels of peasant life . . . or external realism of every kind.

Here is, indeed, a contrast to that peasant realism. Kafka, Hans Andersen and Thomas Mann are Mr. Sørensen's chief literary masters, so far as an English reader can judge; but his manner is engagingly light and innocent. One story—Kafka in cheerful mood—is about the invasion of a small town by tigers. The people meet in the Public Library to discuss the animals. They grow accustomed to them. Some characters die. The years go on. In the end. . . . There are two other long stories in the Kafka manner, and a short one, *Child's Play,* in which two little boys, playing at hospitals, amputate the leg of a third. This is told with great patience of detail. Two medieval legends are narrated with charming lightness; there is a quaint fairy tale, *The Twins,* and another, *The Strange Tree,* which is a most poetical and haunting story.

Yet all the scenes and situations are oddly recognisable. Of course—they are the half of life we see in dreams, precise, circumstantial, with a lunatic clarity. The very detail has a dream-like irrelevant exactness.

> Together they undid the wire that fastened the garden gate and went into the garden. The gate was so old that the only way it could be shut was by tying it firmly to the fence with a piece of wire. Along the path that led up to the red house lavender bushes stood like tin soldiers, upright and blue-uniformed, guarding the roses which swayed before the wind with a modest, almost womanly grace.

As in a dream, time races or rambles on, covering measureless periods in what is actually a very brief space indeed. *Strange Stories* should be taken last of all, for—like it or no—it will destroy the flavour of anything that follows.

Naomi Lewis

Kill or Cure?

The Book of Poisons. By Gustav Schenk. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 18*s.*

Dr. Schenk is the Fat Boy of the poisoning world, an alarmist of the engaging, informative and experimental kind. Not content to tell us about Black Henbane, he has tried it on himself. He writes, in the manner of one speaking between clenched teeth, of the vegetable, mineral, animal and industrial poisons among which we ignorantly survive. We have nibbled the Water Hemlock, mistaking its leaves for the leaves of celery or parsnip, and after this deadly dose of cicutoxin, are still alive. The English way of life with its beatitude of "Don'ts" has no doubt saved us: in a despairing footnote, Dr. Schenk says that in thirty years only thirty-nine people died in the British Isles from eating the Death Cap fungus; there are deaths innumerable on the Continent. We are careful to boil our morels for ten minutes and throw away the water before we fry them. But black magic leads to white magic. There's kill and cure as we all know from reading the Herbals. Socrates drank from the Spotted Hemlock—Water Hemlock would have given him convulsions, not paralysis—yet from the flowering top of this plant come the means of alleviating the whooping-cough, asthma and angina pectoris. One is cured of the pains of gout by taking doses of colchicine from the Meadow Saffron which is a killer. Enough taken in strong alcohol is lethal. So also are a few leaves of the Purple Foxglove which helps with cardiac disorders. The Pasque flower, the almond tree, the lily of the valley, Stinking Hellebore and the Deadly Nightshade are rank, and

PHOENIX

TURNSTILE

BACKGROUND

Phoenix House has taken over most of the books hitherto published by the Turnstile Press, well known to *New Statesman* readers; many are important, some are standard works. They include FRENCH LIBERAL THOUGHT IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY by Kingsley Martin in the revised 1954 edition, and books by John Skeaping, R. H. S. Crossman, Dr. J. Bronowski, Alexander Werth. Phoenix hopes soon to publish new works by Jack Common, Vernon Johnson, C. R. Hewitt (C. H. Rolph), Gerald Brenan and others. Meantime the Turnstile books are carried in stock at Charing Cross and Letchworth and may be ordered through bookshops or, in difficulty, from Phoenix.

Phoenix House has also lately "adopted" the famous BACKGROUND BOOKS, now nearly forty titles, the latest of which is WHY I OPPOSE COMMUNISM by Bertrand Russell, Stephen Spender and others, price 2/6. Soon to come is Douglas Hyde's THE MIND BEHIND NEW CHINA, again 2/6. These little books offer to the general reader and to students the opportunity of acquainting themselves, at least cost, with basic facts on many aspects of current affairs of immediate concern to the peace and stability of the world.

A list of both Turnstile and Background publications is included in the Phoenix Spring List, a copy of which will gladly be sent on application to William IV Street, or call. Incidentally, readers of the *New Statesman* may like to know that a new printing of Walter Allen's THE ENGLISH NOVEL: *A Short Critical History* (*18/-*) is now available in the shops. It is, wrote Giles Romilly, in the *N.S. & N.*, "an extraordinarily good book containing many pages of solid and brilliant criticism."

Phoenix

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lead to hideous suffering, yet something beneficent annuls it. Indeed the Deadly Nightshade conduces to levity, idiotic dancing about, visions and music, before it takes us on to delirium and narcotic sleep. You rarely die of it. Fly Agaric—used in Siberia and harsh climates—is employed to produce ecstasy and beserk rage; asthmatics who smoke the Datura leaf have agreeable sexual dreams. And though Dr. Schenk suffered a frightening disintegration of personality under the effects of Black Henbane, and sank into a claustrophobic inner world, he saw the room dancing about him, laughed helplessly, and watched womanish clouds and heads of horses drift against a red sky. It is not all giddiness, blindness, deafness, nausea and convulsions.

Those who have read Mr. Aldous Huxley on mescalin will want to compare his impressions with the more matter-of-fact experience of Dr. Schenk with the cactus peyotl. There was the same intellectual pleasure. The sounds appeared as colours and there was an unsurpassed fantasia of light and shapes. The doctor's bliss was so complete that, although he knew that by one more small effort of will, he might conjure up the final revelation of the meaning of life, he could not be bothered. The question that puzzled him was whether these intellectual visions were latent and locked in the mind to which the cactus peyotl was the key; or whether they were an essence of the plant, conceivably due to its diet of the glaring Mexican sunlight. And where are we to draw the line between curse and benefit? The coca leaf staves off the hunger of the Andean Indian and enables him to survive in those altitudes in mechanic apathy; in excessive quantities, it drives the addict to slobbering solitude and hallucinations which have possibly enriched his folk-lore with baroque or violent touches; but in proper, state-controlled doses, given to soldiers, runners and priests, by the Inca rulers, the coca leaf was invigorating. So Dr. Schenk's absorbing catalogue runs on from the plants to the secretions of the toad, from the perils of common salt to the horrors of E605 which the bestial Christina Lehmann, the "Witch of Worms," revealed in 1954. Our respect for witches increases. Dr. Schenk is a gift to writers of crime stories. For ourselves—well, shall it be an infusion of aconite leaves for sudden death; or the Thorn Apple for an injection of ordinary imbecility?

V. S. Pritchett

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LONGMANS

Evil, Be Thou My Good

The Kersten Memoirs, 1940-1945. By Felix Kersten. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

Gestapo: Instrument of Tyranny. By Edward Crankshaw. *Putnam.* 21*s.*

A tight little man with a round face, neat pince-nez and a receding double chin; the kind of natural schoolmaster who has missed his vocation and become a not very successful chicken farmer; a crank, who makes up for his lack of University education by lecturing every visitor on his latest "ism" and reads himself to sleep with a volume of the *Upanishads;* a nervous hypochondriac, afflicted with stomach gripes, who falls for every herbalist and nature-healer; a free-thinker, who believes fervently in the transmigration of souls but sends his little girl to Sunday school because "faith has to grow of its own accord—you can only clear the way for it, not dictate it"; a kindly master, who never forgets the Christmas present for his old cook; an opponent of blood sports, whose stomach turns at the sight of cruelty—to humans as well as animals.

Have I given the secret away with that last clause? Of course! That is Heinrich Himmler, as seen by Felix Kersten, the Finnish masseur who became, from 1940 to 1945, his guide, philosopher and friend. *The Kersten Memoirs*—an English selection from his diaries and memoirs—is the third of Mr. Trevor-Roper's brilliant discoveries. It was he who first unravelled the tangled events of Hitler's last days in the dug-out. Then, two years ago, he solved the problem of Hitler's boyhood by introducing us to August Kubizek, the music student who shared Hitler's adolescent secrets, in Linz and in Vienna.

The highest tribute I can pay to Herr Kersten is to say that his *Memoirs* rank beside *Young Hitler,* and I hope they will reach a wider public. I accept Mr. Trevor-Roper's judgment—based on a long, painstaking investigation—that Kersten is a completely reliable witness, who has been scandalously treated by the Swedish Government in an effort to maintain the myth that Count Bernadotte was a man of honour. It now appears certain that Kersten did almost everything during the last days of the Third Reich for which the vain, incompetent and untruthful Bernadotte claimed the credit. It was Kersten who persuaded the *Reichsführer* to release thousands of prisoners from the concentration camps. Indeed, he could have done far more if Bernadotte had not taken umbrage at the idea of giving Jews as well as Nordics asylum in Sweden. To make matters worse, the Count then instructed Schellenberg, Himmler's chief of intelligence (who had taken refuge in his Stockholm palace), to "ghost" his autobiographical best-seller, *The Fall of the Curtain,* and then deleted all the passages which gave credit to Kersten. As Mr. Trevor-Roper observes, Bernadotte's vanity was his undoing. But for his dishonest self-advertisement, he would never have been asked by the United Nations to undertake the job of mediation in Palestine, which cost him his life.

Since then the Swedish Foreign Office, anxious for the honour of Sweden, has systematically tried to discredit Kersten. It was left to the Dutch Government to retrieve the situation. Kersten claimed that he had helped to save The Hague from destruction in 1945, as well as preventing the mass deportation of the Dutch people to Russia earlier on. This claim was examined by a special committee of investigation, which completely confirmed the whole of Kersten's incredible story. All this Mr. Trevor-Roper relates in a preface which by itself earns a permanent place on my bookshelf for the *Kersten Memoirs.*

Kersten portrays Himmler not as the ruthless man of action of Nazi (and anti-Nazi) mythology, but as Hitler's *famulus.* A conscientious pedant and an untidy administrator, he seems to have spent most of his time drawing up completely fantastic blueprints of the New Germanic Order. Now he is designing settlements for Nordic farmers (including, of course, Englishmen) in conquered Russia, which bear an ironical resemblance to the Jewish Kibbutzim in Palestine. Now he is working out the exact arrangements for marital and extra-marital child-bearing by tall, blonde SS-men and their "Chosen Women." When Ciano proved himself an excellent marksman at one of Ribbentrop's pheasant shoots, Himmler was disgusted by this mass murder of defenceless birds; and on the only occasion when he saw an extermination squad at work, he was physically sick and expressed his distress that German soldiers should have to perform such unworthy tasks.

Yet his will-power and industry were enormous. If we define a revolutionary as a man determined to destroy an old social order and replace it with a new one, Himmler was a true revolutionary. How can we give the title of sea-green incorruptible to Robespierre and deny it to him? It was Hitler's incorruptible loyalty to the evil ideals of racial purity and Himmler's incorruptible loyalty to the Führer which were the driving force of the Nazi revolution.

Evil ideals—here we come near to the secret of the Nazi leadership, which has eluded nearly all its historians. In *Gestapo: Instrument of Tyranny,* for instance, Mr. Crankshaw has given us yet another book about the crimes of the SS leaders, which follows what I can best describe as the Nuremberg convention. He seems to believe that it is enough for the historian to catalogue and to condemn the Nazi crimes. His compilation—based on well-known secondary sources—is competent enough. The one thing it lacks is the intellectual curiosity which might have led him to compare the Gestapo, of which he seems to be an amateur student, with the NKVD, which he has studied so profoundly. The Russians, apparently, abstain from physical torture in their investigations; the Gestapo used it regularly. The Russians enforce mass transportations of whole peoples and are indifferent to the sufferings and death of tens of thousands of their prisoners, but they have never practised genocide. Why the difference? Mr. Crankshaw would probably regard this kind of question as a subtle attempt to explain away the Gestapo tyranny and permit the Germans to avoid complicity in its crimes.

But surely it needs an answer, and Herr Kersten, the man who relieved Himmler's incessant stomach-aches, may have given us a prosaic clue. Himmler was a man tormented by a conflict between his inhuman principles and his humane instincts. By a supreme act of will, he suppressed his instincts and acted in strict accordance with the monstrous principles of his racialist ideology. He was neither a bloodthirsty thug, nor yet, as the Left Book Club used to teach us, the stooge of monopoly capitalism. Such men make good henchmen, but they do not inspire a whole people to resistance long after defeat is inevitable. The terrible fact is that Himmler committed his crimes in the conviction that he had mastered his human frailty and was willing the good. Believing quite literally that Hitler was the German Messiah, sent to establish the New German Order, he regarded himself as the man appointed by destiny to be his Grand Inquisitor. Every time that he gave way to Kersten and released another dozen prisoners, he knew he had yielded to temptation and committed a deadly sin. His life proves the contention that it is only the man of principle who can be *consistently* cruel and only the Defender of the Faith who is capable of the greatest crimes.

R. H. S. Crossman

The Realm of Good Intentions

Printer and Playground. By Oliver Simon. *Faber.* 27*s.* 6*d.*

The author of this autobiography died three weeks ago, after thirty-five years' devotion to the craft of printing, or, as he himself would have preferred to call it, the art of typography. As a young man, just demobilised after 1918 and looking for a job, Oliver Simon caught sight of the Kelmscott Chaucer displayed in a bookshop window in Piccadilly, and felt the summons of William Morris. At that date the printing world was sharply divided. There were a few private presses pegging away in Morris's footsteps with their hand machines and hand-made paper, trying to make every page of their tiny output a work of art, and mostly run by amateurs; and the commercial printers, devoid of æsthetic purpose, who were quite satisfied with turning out readable stuff for their customers in good old Caslon type for a reasonable reward. Art and craft did not then intermarry. But there were young men about like Francis Meynell who could not afford to be amateurs; they intended to print for profit, yet they saw no reason why the printed page should not be a handsomer thing than a mere vehicle of communication. Oliver Simon naturally joined this band of crusaders for better printing; and he had the luck to find employment at the Curwen Press, where Harold Curwen, although a commercial printer, was prepared to allow this ambitious newcomer a field for experiment.

The most interesting part of this book deals with the excitement and good fellowship of those pioneering days. The Fleuron Society was succeeded by the Double Crown Club; Stanley Morison designed new type faces and persuaded the Monotype Corporation to produce them; Oliver Simon himself fetched new founts from Germany; artists were called upon to design ornaments; and the resounding success of the Nonesuch books showed those old stick-in-the-mud printing firms and publishers that these modern ideas in the right hands were a new way to coin money. The magic word "design" superseded previous words in the trade vocabulary. A title-page was no longer laid out, a page of letterpress was no longer set up: both had to be "designed" before they were fit to read. And the knowledgeable masters of "design" themselves acquired a new status; they emerged from the dull chrysalis of printers as imposing typographers. Somewhere in the course of these developments good food and fine wines got attached to the idea of good printing, perhaps through the recruitment of A. J. A. Symons to the movement. At any rate periodical typographers' feasts were held, where the sophisticated design of the menu cards could be admired before the meal itself was discussed. Those were rollicking times; and Oliver Simon looks back at them tenderly with a kind word for every one of his colleagues.

The high standard of general printing today, compared with thirty years ago, is in some degree attributable to the proselytising influence of the Curwen Press and Oliver Simon. But does his own typography rank as art? His book is liberally illustrated with examples of his own designs from which it is evident that he matriculated in the artistic circle of Lovat Fraser and graduated with Graham Sutherland. But association with artists is not enough to turn a craftsman into an artist. Between craft and art lies an uneasy region full of the best intentions—the realm of artiness, where pastiche of the past wrestles with the wish to be up-to-date, where ornament is a mask for emptiness, and the manner of presentation takes precedence over the matter presented. This expensive volume of 156 finely printed pages without a single misprint or an error of good taste proclaims that truth.

Ralph Partridge

City Lights

March Winds, April Showers

The usual series of White Papers has appeared. The Stock Exchange has become subdued (its present account ends on budget day). The government has made up its accounts for the year just ended, and the achievement of a surplus nearly six times larger than estimated will no doubt produce a respectful audience for this year's forecast. Only one thing is missing—the March trade figures, due at the beginning of next week. It is widely imagined that Mr. Macmillan is waiting to see what they look like before making his final decisions.

* * *

The *Economic Survey*, the first of the three White Papers which prelude the budget, has each year scooped the others on a larger scale and grabbed more of the headlines for itself: but this time there was very little worth headlining. Its 48 pages of text, table and chart add up to a routine diagnosis; points of difficulty—the failure of production to rise as expected, for example, and the sharp rise in food prices—are quietly passed over. One is left with the general impression that something quite small and quite easily preventable went wrong with the economy last year; it is interesting, therefore, to have the official view that Mr. Butler's budget—the one that preceded the election—was "designed to encourage production and saving."

The section entitled "Prospects for the United Kingdom," after getting vaguer and briefer for some years, has now all but disappeared. Home demand will be limited throughout the year, and present measures will be reinforced if they are slow in working: that is all. Amateur forecasters who thumb the *Survey* for budget hints have little enough to go on this time; most people are looking for a virtually no-change budget at best. Sir Edward Boyle has been sold on the need for larger surpluses, and if things are left much as they are then it seems that the Chancellor will have a good chance of balancing his budget in 1956-7.

* * *

The credit squeeze is becoming a little disorganised. Local authority issues are being stagged—there were £25m of applications for the £2½m Surrey issue—while official lending rates have gone up. The Treasury bill rate has dropped sharply and then risen again; even the best-behaved of syndicates must find it difficult to be consistent when some of its members have funds and some have not. Bank advances are rising again—partly as a result of renewed borrowing by the nationalised industries—and there is little sign yet of an official assault on their liquidity. Companies are making new issues which leave their shareholders worse off whether they subscribe or not.

One result of the scarcity of money has been a scramble for small businesses which can attract it from the public. The larger building societies have been worried for some time by the rates which some of their smaller brethren have been offering for deposits. The larger HP finance houses have been irritated into expressing their annoyance. A number of the smaller institutions are proposing to form themselves into an Industrial Bankers Association; Mr. Gibson Jarvie, of the United Dominions Trust, feels that they "should grow modestly in their own small pools before venturing into the ocean." There is more to all this than jealousy—though the restrictions imposed by the Capital Issues Committee on the larger houses may justify the annoyance they feel. Every kind of rationing produces its own black market, and there is little doubt that the credit squeeze is producing results which even modern capitalists find disturbing. The Board of Trade may be forced, sooner or later, to give more thought to what is and is not a bank.

Taurus

APRIL, 1956 Vol. XXVII, No. 2
Editorial: Washington and Moscow
Royal Commission on the Civil Service *Prof. W. J. M. Mackenzie*
Ultranationalism in Japan *Prof. M. B. Jansen*
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Post-war Germany *J. P. Nettl*
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The POLITICAL QUARTERLY
Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

IF YOU ARE UNDER THIRTY

you could obtain a grant from the Rationalist Press Association enabling you to attend, free of cost, the 4-day Annual Conference on 'Rationalism in the Modern World', to be held this year at Girton College, Cambridge, from Friday, August 10, to Tuesday, August 14. The grant would cover board, residence, admission to lectures, and any necessary travelling expenses up to £5.

All you have to do is to write an essay of 1,500 to 2,000 words on

MORALS WITHOUT RELIGION

and submit it for approval by May 31. Full particulars from Essays Officer, R.P.A., 40 Drury Lane, London, WC2.

PHILOSOPHY
The Journal of the Royal Institute of Philosophy
Edited by Sidney E. Hooper
Vol. XXXI No. 117. *April, 1956*
CONTENTS
I REFLECTING ON MORALS John M. Hems
II MOTIVES AND MOTIVATION R. S. Peters
III KNOWLEDGE AND FAITH Maud Bodkin
IV PRINCIPLES OF MORALITY Professor Stephen Toulmin
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Week-end Competition

No. 1,362

Set by Tom Paine

Competitors are invited to compose a key excerpt from the first speech made in this country by Mr. B. or Mr. K. Limit 150 words; entries by April 17.

Result of No. 1,359

Set by C. L. Drummond

Competitors are invited to provide extracts from an intimate journal—of the kind that deals in sensitivity, neurosis and unvoiced ambition—kept by a soccer player in a team still in the Cup, a Boat Race oarsman, a Grand National jockey or a Rugger international.

Report

The waves of neurosis that surged up from this entry were enough to sink both crews, unseat all riders, and endow every footballer with two left feet. Freud loomed ominously over many a sportsman:

> . . . Dreamed of mother last night. I was ten years old again. She held my pony's head, and looked at me hopefully and expectantly with those warm brown eyes of hers. My brother Jack had already jumped and was looking at me with a puzzled expression. I tried to tell them why I couldn't jump, but no words came—only those awful stomach pains again.
>
> (Christine Ives)

> Today I broke a Scotsman's arm—deliberately. It was wonderful. I trod a poor daisy into the turf. To me the meanest flower that blows, etc. That's what made me do it. O Jekyll, O de Sade, O Freud. But it can't go on. Four fractures and a couple of dislocations already this season. They'll rumble me sooner or later. I dare not go to a psycho-analyst—they wouldn't believe me.
>
> (E. C. Jenkins)

A. M. Sayers offered Joyce-and-Thames-water:

> In-out. I'm fascinated by the nape of stroke's neck (Nope of streck's nake—shut up!) The way his hair dwindles to a wisp—not square-cut—is maddening, though whether through attraction or repulsion, who can say? Probably ambivalent. There's pathos in his self-satisfaction and a comic clumsiness of the shoulders that he's sublimely unaware of—

while Colin Prestige supplied a critique of value:

> I've got a terrible head-ache through having to write up so many days' arrears in this Journal, and I mustn't leave it till tomorrow, when the race has been won and lost . . . but what are we going to do when we've covered those four odd miles and nearly killed ourselves? We could enjoy it much more if we rowed at a leisurely pace.

First prize of two guineas to Laura Del-Rivo's tortured blue; a guinea and a half each to J. R. Till, Findlay P. Murdoch and H. A. C. Evans. Also commended: E. Timperley, Allan M. Laing, Guy Hadley ("Wonder if there's anything in this Hindu notion of human beings being reincarnated as animals. Funny thought, riding one's grandfather lickety-spit round Aintree . . .") G. M. D. Croton, Vera Telfer, and G. J. Blundell.

journal of jon martyn

sunday the boat does not exist. it is a sensory illusion. the sickness comes. i scream.
monday weatherspoon cycles the towpath wearing our scarves and the spare sweaters. our souls round his neck and we identityless—the mentally conditioned. he shouts through the megaphone. hatred.
tuesday daphne says "do you like rowing?" i say "who am i? one cannot formulate the self. liking, because emotional, is unreal. rowing is negation—annihilation of the personality in the physical."
wednesday daphne leaves me for weatherspoon.
thursday i sit in the no-boat boat. sickness. I jump. stupid bourgeoisie herded cattle-like on the towpath rescue me.
friday weatherspoon furious about yesterday. i explain his power complex as manifestation of subconcious inselfsufficiency, and suggest he visits my psychiatrist. he pushes me in the river again.
saturday in bed with cold and kafka. scrapped from university eight. timelessly alone in the clangorous void of nothingness.

LAURA DEL-RIVO

Often when I am moving up to feed my inside-left I whistle a bar or two of Schumann and let my mind swing back to my Auntie Doris's kitchen where, with the announcer telling us of Amy Johnson's latest record flight, my kid sister and I were made to gargle from the same vessel—the cup with the oh-so-execrable picture of Brighton Pier. Sister . . . cup . . . Wembley. How crude, how almost pre-natal-Freud, this chain of Associations—yet how unquiet the grave of the buried self, the poet *manqué* thus dragged up from the depths! Pitched between my winger and my right back, I writhe and wriggle, Hopkins-like, a right half who fancies at times he is only half right.

J. R. TILL

Won today a he-man's crowning glory. How that devil Dashman must have writhed with envy as he looked up at that spectacular conversion of mine! I wonder if he ever connected my frenzied antics this afternoon—*l'après-midi d'un* fraud—with that brutal swishing he gave me a decade ago. What, indeed, did trying to study a Mozart score matter compared with scoring tries—except to a "beastly little aesthete, a dead loss to the House."

Yet here I am, not only alive, but kicking my way into the bovine hearts of the bawling sportolaters, while that paragon of muscular christianity—erased from this world, uncapped and uncheered, on some pagan rubber plantation!

Alas! revenge itself, in the final psycho-analysis, is a dead loss—like me. To-night I shall be back at the House, and once again Dashman will strut around, the tasselled sportsman incarnate, and beat for ever the harmony out of the soul of a sensitive fag.

FINDLAY P. MURDOCH

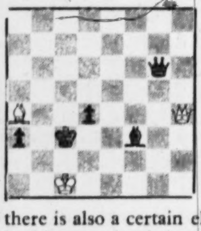
Another night of futile self-disgust and Hamlet-longings. But did Hamlet weigh fifteen stone? Was he a muddied oaf? Lucky Hamlet, soliloquizing in elegant pentameters. But I? O God! O, that second row!

Three more days. How can I face it. Tormented last night by a dream of revolting white hippopotami, hemming me in like monstrous slugs. Those obscene front-row rumps and thighs. And why *will* the prop carry a packet of scented cachous in the pocket of his shorts. The scrum smells like a harem. Why did my parents not produce a scrum-half, small and neat? Or a wing, greyhound-swift, and slinky. Why me? And I suppose, as usual, I'll be marking the ugliest tough in the line-out. How I shall hate him! How I hate myself! *Moriturus*—but I have died a thousand deaths already.

H. A. C. EVANS

The Chess Board

No. 334. Labour Pains of Study Composition



When a visitor praised the nonchalantly elegant style of Brummell's cravat, the "Beau" turned to his valet. "Show him our failures," he said, whereupon the man brought a huge silver-tray full of crumpled cravats. The story holds some significance for the infinite care and trouble which the study-composer, no less than any creative artist, must apply to the perfection of his brain-child. Apart from the proverbial load of perspiration added to one flash of inspiration, there is also a certain element of luck, sorely missing in this entry for the study competition by E. Allan, our most valiant crack-solver in Edinburgh. His main variation: (1) Q-K1 ch, K-B5, (2) Q-B1 ch, P-Q6, (3) Q x P ch! Q x Q, (4) B-Kt5 ch, K-B6! (5) B x Q, P-R7, (6) B-Kt1! and draws. Very pretty indeed, but alas, the same object can be achieved by the brutally pedestrian move (3) B-Kt5 ch. Allan needn't worry, though; he is in the excellent company of Korolkov, Wotava, Heuäcker and other famous composers, and they are now to be joined by Birnov since our eagle-eyed cook-hunter C. Sandberg has added to previous scalps by "killing" the study published on June 25th last year: 8/1B1K4/1PP5/k3P3/8/p7/6b1/b7/. The author's solution: (1) P-K6, B-B3, (2) B-R8, P-R7, (3) P-Kt7, B x P ch, (4) K x B, B-K4, (5) P=Q, B x Q, (6) P-K7, P=Q, (7) P x Q, Q-R5 ch, (8) K-Kt7, Q x Q stalemate—was readily accepted by an eminent Jury and by many thousands of solvers all over the world, but Sandberg found a win for Black after (3) . . . B-K4!, a win in every conceivable variation. No space for his very thorough and unanswerable analysis (which, with the key in their possession, solvers can unlock themselves).

At least a dozen of our crack solvers claimed to have cooked the Kubbel study published on June 11th —/8/k7/3p4/K4R1kt/16/4ppB1/8/—but this claim, I am glad to say, can be refuted. The author's solution is (1) R-B7 ch, K-Kt1, (2) K-Kt6, K-B1, (3) R x P, Kt-B5! (4) R x Kt, P-Q4! (5) B-B1 ! ! P-K8(Q), (6) R-B8 ch, K-Q2, (7) B-Kt5 ch, K-K3, (8) R-K8 ch and wins. The claim for a draw is based on (2) . . . P-B8 (Q), (3) B x Q, P x B (Q), (4) R x Q, K-B1; but White wins none the less by (5) K-B6, K-Q1, (6) K x P, K-K1, (7) K-K6, Kt-Kt2 ch, (8) K-B6, K-B1, (9) R-B3, Kt-K1 ch, (10) K-K6 ch, K-Kt1, (11) K-K7, Kt-Kt2, (12) R-KR3, Kt-B4 ch, (13) K-B6, Kt-Q3, (14) R-R5! Kt-K1 ch, (15) K-K7, Kt-Kt2, (16) R-KKt5, K-R2, (17) K-B7, etc.

I am no less happy to report that, far from "cooking" the Herberg study published on July 2nd Bruce Hayden has found it to contain an additional touch of beauty. This study—/3r3k/3P4/16/7r/2K6/8/5RR1/—was dedicated to the *N.S. & N.* solvers (to make amends for a study cooked by A. J. Roycroft), and the author's solution is (1) R-B7, R-Q5!! (2) R-R1 ch, K-Kt1, (3) R(1)-R7, R-KR5! (4) KR-Kt7 ch, K-R1, (5) R-Kt5, R-Q5, (6) R-B8 ch, R x R, (7) K x R, R-Q1, (8) R-Q5 and wins. Now Hayden has discovered yet another line (apart from the author's sub-variations already published), neatly illustrating the flight-from-stalemate theme. (1) . . . R-R6 ch, (2) K-B4, R-R5 ch, (3) K-B5, R-R4 ch, (4) K-B6, R-R3 ch, (5) K-B7, R x P ch! (6) R x R! R-QB3 ch, (7) K-Q8, R-B1 ch, (8) K-K7, R-K1 ch, (9) K-Q6, R-K3 ch, (10) K-Q5, R-K4 ch, (11) K-Q4, R-K5 ch, (12) K-Q3, R-K6 ch, (13) K-Q2, R-K7 ch, (14) K-Q1 and wins.

Now here are **C**, **D** and **E** (**A** and **B** appeared on March 24), including Kasparjan's entry as well as his own previous study whose similarity robbed him of the 1st prize this time.

C: A. P. GULAJEV, 1955, White to win: /5qlk/8/6K1/24/kt5R1/6R1/.

D: G. M. KASPARJAN, 1955 (win): /1B6/8/k3K3/3R3p/7kt/bb3p2/6BP/8/.

E: G. M. KASPARJAN, 1949 (draw): 5b2/p4B2/5B2/1bKt5/8/P3r3/4k1K1/8/.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 331. Set February 4

A: (1) . . . R-KR4. (2) P-KR3, Kt-Kt5. (3) P x Kt, R x P ch. (4) K-Kt1, Q-R7 ch, followed by Q-R8 ch.

(2) P-Kt3 is defeated by Q x P. (3) B-K4, R x R. (4) R x R, Kt x B, etc.

B: (1) R-Q7 ch, K-K3. (2) P-Kt6, K-B3. (3) R-K7!, R-KB1! (4) R-K8, K-Kt2. (5) K-Kt2, P-B4. (6) K-R3, P-B5. (7) K-R4, P-B6. (8) K-Kt5, P-B7. (9) R x R, K x R. (10) K-B6, etc.

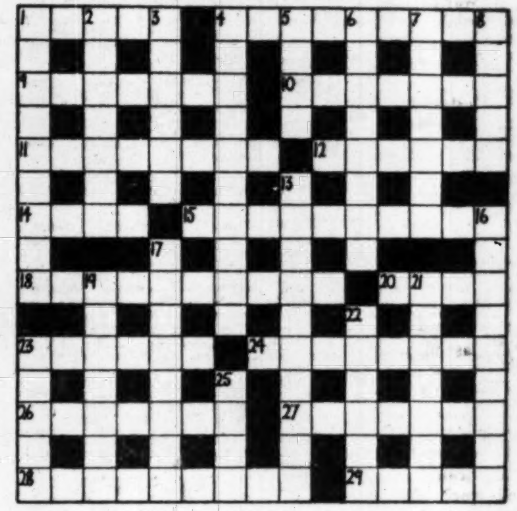
C: (1) R-B8, B-B7 ch. (2) K-R5, R x R. (3) K-R6, R-KB2! (4) R-R8!, R-R2. (5) R-QKt8, R-QKt2. (6) R-QB8, R-QB2. (7) R-Q8, R-Q2. (8) R-K8, etc.
If (3) . . . R-K1. (4) R x R, B-Kt4. (5) R-KB8, B-B4. (6) Kt-K7 mate.

Almost everybody stumped by **B** and/or **C** and even some of the cracks while seeing (3) R-K7! in **B**, overlooked the riposte R-KB1. Only flawless solutions from D. E. Cohen who earns undivided 1st. Consolation prize held over to be added to next week's fund.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 193

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 193, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on April 17.



ACROSS

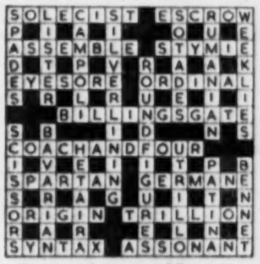
1. Hunches from idiots who have lost their heads (5).
4. Serpentine vestiges in expert aquatic events (9).
9. In money matters put the sovereign out of circulation (7).
10. Means of catching a fish which has lost nothing (7).
11. The dramatic figure is potential negation (8).
12. Do relief work (6).
14. The team expressed dejection, by the sound of it (4).
15. Lack of regard for the press spread about in material which may be cited (10).
18. Used in fastening, it makes a salt-water fish grow (10).
20. Enclosed space is the opposite of an open space (4).
23. Anaesthetic figure (6).
24. Lots of children have a friend among the insects (8).
26. Actress who puts drink before riches (7).
27. For a little chap perhaps one has guts (7).
28. Birds spoilt her lost in the back street (9).
29. If the General Staff included this weapon there would be quick looks (5).

DOWN

1. Scholars put his breast in turmoil (9).
2. Recorded a tune medley in the centre (7).
3. "The wanton —— and motions of the sense" (*Measure for Measure*) (6).
4. Starts to ask for a knock (10).
5. A helper supplies a complicated idea (4).
6. The most backward have the biggest families (8).
7. Study alone in comfort (7).
8. Locations sounding like spectacles (5).
13. After changing gear there are sarcastic remarks for the old ladies (10).
16. N.B. mottoes may be used for a memorial (9).
17. Languish over arithmetical calculations; the page had to bring them (8).
19. The hospital worker has to learn differently about the doctor (7).
21. The view is good inside the bulb (7).
22. Mermaid for cavenfan? (6).
23. Time which is always near at the beginning (5).
25. Hero from the mixed bathing pool (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 191



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 191

N. Doncaster (Castleford), Mrs. Howroyd (Connemara), A. Priestman (Penrith).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

DIRECTOR of the Science Museum (Ministry of Education). The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for this post. Candidates must be at least 35 on April 1, 1956. They are expected to be scientists or technologists of established reputation with administrative experience. The projected completion of the Centre Block will offer scope for reorganisation and the further development of the Museum as a centre of scientific interest and instruction for the general public. Salary at present £2,325, subject to review in the light of any increases in comparable salaries resulting from the Royal Commission report. Women's salary lower but being improved under equal pay scheme. Particulars and application forms from secretary, Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting S 4575/56/9. Completed applic. forms must be retd. by April 14, 1956.

THE British Council invites applications for the post of Assistant in the Student Welfare Department, London. The duties are to increase the number of inspected lodgings suitable for overseas students in all parts of London, by means of publicity, canvassing, and public-speaking. The work will be outside the office, and may be partly outside office hours. Experience in publicity methods and/or wide knowledge of London Social Services essential. Salary at present within range for men: £900 to £1,090 a year; for women £814 to £968 a year (subject to improvement under equal pay scheme). Employer's portion superannuation paid. Write, quoting F1 (56) and enclosing stamped addressed foolscap envelope, to Director, Personnel Department, The British Council, 65 Davies St., London, W.1, for further particulars and appl. form to be returned by April 20, 1956.

PERSONNEL Officers. Glacier Metal Co., scene of pioneering research in industrial relations and organisation (see Jaques, "Changing Culture of a Factory; Measurement of Responsibility") needs three additional Personnel Officers to assist Managers in analysis of work content of jobs, organisation of work groups, recruitment and selection, etc. Emphasis is on detailed consideration of person-work relationship, and how to make it most effective. Degree in engineering or social science or equivalent; age 25/35; at least 2 yrs. industrial experience pref. in work study or time study; capacity to deal with complex relationships of specialist role and to take part in the development of a more technical approach to personnel work. Training in special techniques will be given. For engineers, excellent preparation for a general management post; for social scientists able and willing to be trained to understand engineering work, a similar preparation and a chance to take part in important development work. Salary £750/£950 p.a. depending on age and capacity. Personnel Manager, Ealing Road, Alperton, Mddx.

PROSPECTIVE or experienced social worker (man) wanted to assist in work with discharged prisoners. Box 3288.

WANTED. Quick, accurate shorthand-typist. Interesting social work, but some routine. Nat. Assn. for the Paralysed, 1 York St., W.1. WEL. 8373.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires News Assistant in Bristol. Duties involve primarily collection and writing, under supervision of Regional News Editor, of news stories for Television News and Newsreel, also sharing in production of Sound news and topicality programmes including rehearsal and production in studio. Professional journalistic (reporting) experience and ability to spot visual stories, brief cameramen and write factual reports of filmed events for News and Newsreel scriptwriters essential. Experience in technique of Television and Sound news reporting an advantage. Knowledge of the Region and understanding of its people important. Starting salary £975 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,280. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1645 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

B.B.C. requires French Programme Assistant (men only) in London. Requirements include thorough knowledge of French (as mother tongue) and English, ability to translate well English to French, and to read faultlessly in French at microphone. An interest in Britain, and experience in radio, journalism or teaching an advantage. Appointment normally for three years; salary £860 per annum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "1629 N. Stm.", within 14 days. For ack. enclose addressed envelope.

CENTRAL Electricity Authority require an Assistant Tutor at their Residential Training Establishment, Buxton, Derby. This centre provides short courses in industrial relations, foremanship, instruction, boiler and turbine house practice, for employees of the Electricity Supply Industry. Applicants should preferably have some knowledge of one or more of the subjects and experience of contemporary techniques in industrial training. Further training will be given to suitable candidate. Residential accommodation for single man, for which a charge will be made. Salary within N.J.C. Grade 6. £855-£930 p.a. Applications stating age, present position, details of qualifications, experience and salary to D. Moffat, Dir. of Establishments, Winsley St., W.1, by April 13, 1956. Quote Ref.: A.E./783.

THE John Lewis Partnership invites applications from women between the ages of 25/39, and willing to work in any part of the country, for training for management posts in the retail trade. Pay during training not less than £450 per year, with guaranted minimum of £550 per year after 12 months. Women of good education with a lively interest in shop-keeping should apply, with full particulars, to the Director of Personnel, John Lewis & Co., Ltd., Oxford Street, W.1, within two weeks of the date of this advertisement. Applications will not be acknowledged before May 1, 1956.

"THE Birmingham Post" will shortly have a vacancy for an assistant (male) to the City Editor in its office at 88 Fleet Street, E.C.4 Experience of financial journalism desirable. The successful candidate will become a member of Staff Pension Scheme. Applications, in writing, giving a full statement of qualifications, experience and age, should be addressed to the Editor. "The Birmingham Post," 38 New Street, Birmingham.

ALL-round man, genuinely interested in education, wtd. to help on practical side in London co-ed. schl. Full/pt. time. Good working conditions. Box 2927.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Russian Studies, with special qualifications in Russian Language and Literature. Salary scale £550 to £650 per annum, with membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than May 1, 1956, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required by London County Council for duty at Battersea Child Guidance Unit, 6 Cambridge Road, S.W.11. Whitley Council salary scale for candidates possessing approved qualifications: £495 (at age 27) × £15—£510 × £20—£550 × £25—£750, plus London Weighting (£20 at 21, £30 at 26). Particulars and application form from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/529), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, ret. by April 19. (529.)

INTERNATIONAL Social Service has a vacancy for an experienced Caseworker with a degree or diploma in Social Studies of a recognised University. Preference given to applicant with refugee relief experience and languages. Salary according to experience, scale £550 × £25 to £625. Apply in writing to The Secretary, I.S.S., 296, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

OXFORDSHIRE County Council requires Children's Welfare Officer (male). Child Care Certificate, Social Science Studies or other recognised qualifications. Experience in a Children's Department an advantage. Salary £595 × £20—£675, i.e., A.P.T. II. Car essential. County Loan Scheme assists purchase of new or second-hand cars. Post permanent and pensionable. Application forms obtainable from County Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Road, Oxford, to be returned by April 14, 1956. Gerald Gale Burkitt, Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Oxford.

FAMILY Service Units is already working in Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Oldham, Stockport, York, Bradford, Leicester, Birmingham, Bristol, Sheffield and London, and is being pressed to extend its intensive work with "problem families" to many other parts of the country. Social caseworkers interested in participating in this development can obtain details of salaries, qualifications, training, etc., from 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

WESTMINSTER Hospital, St. John's Gardens, S.W.1. Psychiatric Social Worker (female) required. Experience with both adults and children desirable. Applications from workers not holding Mental Health Certificate will be considered. N.H.S. salary scale, according to experience, plus London Weighting (P.T.A. 17 or 21). Post vacant June 4. Hospital may be visited by appointment, VIC. 8161, Extn. 325. Applications, naming two referees, to the House Governor.

HERTFORDSHIRE Education Committee. Epping House School, nr. Hertford. Assistant Matron (resident) to help in particular with a small group of 8-9-year-olds, required at this boarding special school for 35 junior boys. Interesting work with boys of normal intelligence; excellent preparation for work in the field of child care. Comfortable bed-sitting room. Superannuable post. Salary scale £285 × £15—£330 with residential emoluments. Apply to Headmaster, giving details of previous posts and names of persons to whom reference may be made.

SECRETARY/sh.-typist. Interesting work. Bloomsbury. 5-day week. Box 3605.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

TIME and Talents Association requires Warden (woman) with initiative and good social work experience. Post involves general responsibility for all the social work undertaken by the Association, including experimental work in Bermondsey and on an L.C.C. out county estate. Residential accommodation provided. Salary according to experience. Application forms from the Secretary, 187 Bermondsey Street, S.E.1.

APPLICATIONS invited for post of full-time Welfare Officer—female. Communications, stating full particulars, exper., etc., should be addressed to Assistant Sec., Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, W.2.

EXPERIENCED, enthusiastic junior teachers (pref. Froebel) wanted (a) Summer, (b) September for co-ed. London school. Burnham scale. Scope for initiative under pleasant working conditions. Box 2928.

WARDENS of old people's home. Married couple wanted to take full charge of a small residential home. Details on application to: The Secretary, Council of Social Service, 36 Cheapside, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent.

WELL-known voluntary Society needs Home Visitor, Victoria area. Exp. desirable. Pt.-time worker considered. Write with full personal partics. to Box 9822, c/o Charles Barker & Sons, 31 Budge Row, E.C.4.

RESIDENT Cook required for Nursing Home, catering for 30 people. Gendean Nursing Home, Red Oaks, Cage Foot Lane, Henfield, Sussex. (On main bus route.)

ROYAL National Institute for the Blind requires experienced shorthand-typist. Interesting work with good prospects. Write stating age and salary required to Staff Secretary, 224 Gt. Portland St., W.1. EUS. 5251.

CLERICAL Assistant, M. or F., aged 20-30, for Sales Dept. printing establishment, Central London. Competent typing (shorthand an advantage), knowledge of printing industry desirable but not essential if keen to learn. Please send brief details previous career, expnce., etc., for interview. Box 3547.

BOOK Importers require capable person for expanding Foreign Dept. Quals. knowledge Russian, ability type in English (knowl. other Slavonic languages desirable). Ring Mrs. Vazir, CHA. 4756, or write Collet's 44 Museum St., W.C.1, for appointment.

SHORTHAND-Typist required aged 16-22 years. Holiday this year. Apply in writing to the Director, M.R.C., Experimental Radiopathology Unit, Hammersmith Hospital, Ducane Road, W.12.

SOCIALIST writer requires educated intelligent secretary/housekeeper, f., 25-45; duties mainly secretarial & research, much free time; modest salary. Box 3654.

THE Irene Forster Agency, 66 Marchmont St., W.C.1. TERminus 8566. Employment in schools, colleges, institutions, offices of societies, etc. Teachers, secretaries, housekeepers, matrons, caretakers, etc. Posts vacant and wanted. Also Lecture and Concert Agency for clubs, colleges, schools.

TEMPORARY work (days, weeks, months) for expd. secs., sh./typs., c./typs. & clks. 10-5 no Sats. Top rates. Ring Miss Topham, Duttons Sec. Service, 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

YOU can fill only one vacancy no matter how many others exist. Possibly we may have that one to suggest at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

Appointments Vacant continued on p. 354

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

SENIOR Scientific Officers: Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable appointments. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1956 (June 30, 1956 for posts in any branch of Chemistry or Biology), but early application is advised as an earlier closing date may be announced. Interview Boards will sit at frequent intervals. The Scientific posts cover a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In biological subjects the number of vacancies is small: individual vacancies exist for candidates who have special knowledge of, or who are interested in palæobotany, malacology, helminthology, acarology, foraminifera. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least 3 years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates taking their degrees in 1956 may apply before the results of their degree examination is known. Age limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 & 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted; for Scientific Officers between 21 and 28 during 1956 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). Salary (London) Senior Scientific Officers: (men) £1,070—£1,245; (women) £951—£1,155. Scientific Officers: (men) £513—£925; (women) £513—£850. Women's scales being improved under equal pay scheme. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington St., W.1, quoting No. S.53/56 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/56 for Scientific Officers.

LARGE general publisher, London area, invites applications for vacancy in Publicity Dept. Blurb-writing ability essential. Book trade knowledge desirable. Commencing salary not less than £500 p.a. Handwritten applications to Box 3678.

INTERESTING job in small travel office for S/T. (m. or f.). Opportunity to learn business. Allways, CHA. 6436.

WOMEN'S magazine reqs. full-time staff to answer readers' problems. Gd. English and fast typing. Age 25-35. Box 3553.

READERS' Union has an interesting and progressive opening for a shorthand typist with previous experience in a publisher's office. 9.30-5.30, no Sats. Write or 'phone 38 William IV St., W.C.2. TEM. 0525.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

COMPANY Accountant/Commercial Manager (43) requires post with progressive concern. Box 2833.

YOUNG reliable coloured man seeks post as chauffeur-handyman. Box 3502.

WOMAN writer (34) 1st novel just out, reviews as yet sole reward, sks. employment. Expd. sec. (s/h-typ.), fluent Ger., Fr., It.; gd. cook, hard-working. Personable, amiable. Willing act Sec./P.A., hse.-kpg., baby-stg. thrown in. Long or odd hrs. no objection. Tel. BAY. 2752 or Box 3577.

GENT sks. MSS/proofreadg., space-sellg., blurbwritg., sh/typ. work. Box 3621.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

FREEHOLD, Chiswick. £2,250. Georgian cottage. 3 bed., 2 recep., kit., bath., garden. Adam, CHIswick 0450.

VERY roomy houseboat, lying small Essex seaside town. Neglected but sound. Ideal for children and holidays. £175. Martin, 25 Wetherby Gdns., London, S.W.5.

STABLE block, Surrey. In beautiful surroundings, close Guildford. Suitable economic conversion to two charming cottage-type residences, with benefit of owner's plans if desired. Delightful gardens. Price £3,750. Freehold. Apply owners, Box 3442.

PERSONAL

MRS. Booth recommends her retiring hsekpr. as tenant for sm. flat unfur. if poss. 14 Falkland Hse, Marloes Rd., W.8.

PYE Radio 9-valve Internat., £30. Grundig Tape Recorder, £50. Typewriter, Royal Portable, £25. Or near offers. All as new, real bargains. 5-6 p.m. 3 Porchester Terrace, W.2

ADVERTISER seeks studio, basement room or detached, for day-time use only, or convertible property, within reach of Kensington. Box 3484 or FREmantle 8984.

YOUNG man has about £200 for active investment in secure proposition. Refs., etc., exchanged. Box 3508.

SMALL newly-established business of Interior Decorating & Furniture in provincial city (with growing connection in county) seeks working partner with small investment. Learner would be considered. Accommodation could be provided. Box 2585.

BACHELOR, 43, car-owner on leave from the Orient, is planning tour Spain/Portugal, 4/6 weeks, starting mid-May. Welcomes companion (m.) sharing expenses. Box 3396.

CONTACT Lenses. The London Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Bklet. sent.

PERSONAL—*continued*

MOTORING to Bavarian Lakes via Austria & Switzerland, June 1 for 2-3 weeks. Seats vacant share exps. Box 3625.

WINE tasting and gourmet food are part of the de luxe "Visit the Vineyards of France" 15-day tours operating every Saturday between May 5 and Sept. 29. Cost £100—£135. Apply for brochure to John Rankin, Ltd., 19 Queen St., W.1. Tel. GRO. 7911.

STUDIO flat in Rome. On the Spanish Steps. Available from April for the summer. £7 per week. 'Phone MUS. 7980.

FRANCE: Dordogne, 15-day camp tour, dep. June 9. Details s.a.e. Box 3609.

NEW Play Competition. Details from Tavistock Repertory Company, Tower Theatre, Canonbury Place, N.1.

BACHELOR, 30, personable, seeks similar companion for holiday abroad, Sept.; preferably Denmark or Italy. Box 3560.

YNG. Finnish student, qual. nurse, sks. empl. evngs. Not catering. Box 3480.

FRENCH girls seek posts in English homes. Domesticated, can look after children, cook, etc. Service International D'Echanges, 22 Farndon Road, Oxford.

SPRECHEN Sie Deutsch? Would anyone hire out set German Linguaphone records to would-be linguist unable attend classes? Box 3497.

SPAIN—Barcelona & Costa Brava. Sept., fortnight holiday, hotel near beach, excellent food. Intelligent, lively mixed group. Write Spain Travel, 6 Gower St., W.C.1.

2 seats Humber Aug. 4-26. France, Spain, Portugal. Share expenses. Box 3537.

FIRST-class air & coach tours, 16 days scheduled airlines & luxury coaches. Venice, Florence, Nice 79gns.; Rome, Ischia, Capri 88gns.; Jugoslavia, Austria £68; Hungary, Austria, Italy £72 10s.; Spain & Portugal £75; Spain & France (14) £48 10s.; Switzerland 65gns. Allways Travel Service, 17 Sicilian Ave., W.C.1. CHA. 6436/7.

ONE number MUSeum 6463, one address Contours, Ltd. (N.S.), 72 Newman St., London, W.1, for all air reservations. B.E.A., Air France, Swissair, Sabena, K.L.M., S.A.S., etc. If one service is full, we will automatically reserve on alternative. Contours will speed you on your way at no extra charge.

CORSICA, Majorca, Sardinia, Tossa, Torremollinos (Malaga), Portugal (Ofir). A 15-day sunshine holiday by air to any of these finest Mediterranean Paradise holiday resorts or to Portugal on specially advantageous terms, thanks to forward contracts. Prices from 44gns. all inclusive of air fares, board and accommodation. Also a grand Mediterranean luxury air cruise to Corsica and Majorca for only 65gns., and a France-Spain leisure tour embracing the French Pyrenees, Andorra, Tossa, Barcelona and Montserrat for only 54gns. Elkan Allan, the B.B.C.'s armchair traveller, writes: "I went on a Horizon holiday myself last year. My honest advice is that if you're considering going to any of the places mentioned—and they are all wonderful places—the best plan is to go with Horizon Holidays." See why. Write or 'phone for 52-page lavishly illustrated colour brochure with 5 maps, to Dept. 4R, Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

PAINTING Holidays for amateurs and beginners. Yugoslavia, Italy, Mallorca. Painting in atmosphere of unspoilt beauty and pleasant company. Cost includes expert individual tuition, 1st cl. hotels and travel. 39gns. Fully incl. 15 days. Brochure B. Croll, A.R.C.A., London Atelier of Painting, 13 Queens Gdns., W.2. AMB. 0849/4749.

MAJORCA, Ibiza, Costa Brava, etc., 15 days from £33. Free guide and programme now ready from New Vistas Travel Service, 99 Uxbridge Rd., Hampton, Middx. Molesey 2105. Escorted journey. Independent holiday by rail (short sea route), coach, air. Book now.

SPRING Holidays. Enjoy Sunshine and Spring flowers with one of our parties to Amsterdam (April 21), a Whitsun party to Majorca, Southern Austria or Venice and Lake Garda, the French Riviera (May 26). Details of these and later Spring and Summer holidays from Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

GO where the sun is shining. On Austria's warmest lake in Poertschach Woerthersee at hotel with own beach, from 27gns. Four Seasons Travel, Ltd., 49 Dover Street, London, W.1. Tel. GRO. 7853.

ITALY. Delightful small parties (Venice, Rome, Florence, Siena, Asissi, the Lakes, Riviera). From 30gns. Brochures from Francis Glynn, 13 Station Rd., East Grinstead. Painting holidays in Italy with expert tuition have again been arranged by Francis Glynn. Brochures from address above.

POSITANO Art Workshop 1956 session May 15-Sept. 15. Ideal art holiday in internat. artists' colony S. Italy. Studio classes in painting and drawing, sculpture, textile design., jewellery-making & mosaics. Box 2914.

AUSTRIA Couchettes available. Apply: 2 Church Place, Jermyn St., London, S.W.1.

RIVIERA coastal village: furn. hse., sleep 3. Apr. £20. May, June £25. July, Sept. £30. S.a.e. Hollander, 24 Newman St., W.1.

PERSONAL—*continued*

INTELLIGENT foster parents needed for holiday periods in the first instance for 11-yr.-old girl attending private school. Pref. within reach of Oxford or Reading. Slightly above average intelligence, interesting personality but victim of unfortunate home circumstances. Further partics. from County Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Rd., Oxford.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA, Portugal, Hungary, Turkey and 18 other countries. Send stamp Holiday Friendship Service, 48 Dalston Lane, London, E.8.

1956 Holidays by Air. Switzerland: a week at Trient, high in the Valais & a wk. by the lake of Biel. Air to Basle. 36½gns. . . . Italian Cities: a fortnight's tour, including air travel and visits to Rome, Pisa, Florence, Assisi for 52½gns. . . . The Tyrol: 15 days in a newly-built hotel above Innsbruck. Air travel and inclusive holiday 34½gns. . . . Majorca: Air to Palma and a fortnight there for 43½gns. . . . Write for Air Holidays Brochure to Wings, Ltd., 48(H5) Park Road, London, N.W.1.

INEXPENSIVE Seaside Holidays. Brittany country of superb sand beaches and glorious rocks, offers wide possibilities for inexpensive seaside holidays, particularly in early & late summer. Ideal for children. Descriptive folder & full list of hotels with inclusive prices from the French Government Tourist Office, 178 Piccadilly, W.1.

PALMA by air August 12 to 26. £45 all-in. Locarno, Merano-Dolomites, Vienna, Opatija at other dates. Fortnight £33 to £42. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

EYESIGHT re-education. Refractive errors and squint treated by qualified Bates practitioner. Doris M. Brock, 55 Hale Lane, Mill Hill, London, N.W.7. MIL. 2307.

THE Bridge does not know East and West, Left and Right—only human beings. Write 128 Burnley Road, N.W.10.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in three months with Setogni, or your fees refunded. 'Phone WEL. 4221 or RIC. 3286.

SPRING Festival of Country Dancing: Apr. 27-29 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Also "Values in Architecture."

AU Pair: Would family or farm accept young foreign male student anxious improve Engl. Pocket money. Suggestions welc. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Road, S.W.7.

SUMMER holidays for children. Trained supervisor. Sea, country, excursions. Principal, Thanet House School, 18 Callis Court Road, Broadstairs.

COSTA Brava (Blanes) Villas & Flats to let. Detls.: Dr. C. J. Cooper, Burgess Hill, Sussex.

EUROPE the "En Famille" way. . . . Why not let us make individual arrangements for you to enjoy the interesting, friendly atmosphere of a private family, or join one of the special groups visiting our International Host-Family Centre? Meet and get to know the people of the country you visit. Illus. brochure from E.F.A., 20 Buckingham Street, W.C.2.

HUMANISM is a faith for the modern world. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

AUTHORS. Our Literary Agency Dept. is looking for books & M.S.S. suitable for translation & placing abroad. Write for full dets.: Interbook, Ltd., 12 Fitzroy St., W.1.

TALL personable Pakistani Muslim, 30, Public Schl., Barrister-at-Law, sks. intng. & remun. appoint. in Gt. Britain or Europe. Write Airmail, Box 503, Eldoret, Kenya.

ASTLEYS of Jermyn St. (108/111), S.W.1. Briar pipe specialists. Your briar pipe (any make) reconditioned & cleaned with pure alcohol, 3*s*. plus 9*d*. postage, any quantity. (Foul pipes are injurious to health.) All repairs, new stems, etc. We purchase old or new carved Meerschaum pipes. Write for price list.

PART-time Occupation by writing or drawing? Our personal home study course will interest you. E.M.I. Institutes, Dept. NS.50.B, London, W.4. (Associated with H.M.V.)

THE Art of Seeing. Readers Impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist & author of "Good Sight Without Glasses" may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANGham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

WEAVING! Tuition, Yarns, Looms at Weaving Centre, 62 Dean St., W.1.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

HOSPITALITY & extra care for the aged & for convalescence. Lovely house and garden; cen. htg., drawing-rm. HAM. 2281.

WRITERS' Guild (International Writers' Fellowship), founded 1939 to assist the New Author, Agency, Expert Tuition and Revisions. Raymond Buxton, Guild House, Ross-on-Wye.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

INFORMAL music/literary group meeting April 15, 29. Mrs. Dunn, HAM. 8109.

PERSONAL—*continued*

LAZY holiday Riviera sun. 3 seats A70, June 22-July 7. Single people. Share exps. £20 each. No driving. Box 3443.

SPACE for 2, camping France/Spain/Italy. July 25-Aug. 14. Languages essen. Write Box 597, Granthams Advertising, Reading.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Gardens, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

REMEMBER Anthony Panting? Photographer with new studio at 30 Abbey Gardens, N.W.8, between St. John's Wood and Maida Vale. Bakerloo Stns. MAI. 3200.

WRITE for Profit. Send for interesting free booklet. The Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Road, N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WEL. 6655 for details.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—the ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1 *gn*.-5 *gns*. a box. One quality, the best! Write for catalogue, Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. Tel. Wivelsfield Green 232-233.

FRENCH for Conversation. Intensive courses beginners/all grades. The Mentor, 11 Charing X Rd., W.C.2. TRA. 2044.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent. Deferred terms.

BURGESS Hill School Camp. In Jugoslavia Aug. 1-29. Incl. price 30gns. Boys & girls 11-18. Applics.: Headmaster, 11 Oak Hill Pk., N.W.3. HAM. 2019.

GUITAR lessons. Few vacs. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, S.W.10. FLA. 4354.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS—continued from p. 356

PROGRESSIVE League has booked Dartington Hall, Totnes, for its popular family holiday conference this year (July 29—Aug. 4). Average fee for this gay experiment in community living is £7 10s. Variations for children, non-members, dormitories, etc. Details: Sec., 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

SWEDEN: Popular course "Modern Sweden" at residential college in Stockholm archipelago followed by one week's study tour, Aug. 21-Sept. 8. Prospectus from The Swedish Institute, 49 Egerton Crescent, London, S.W.3.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. May 7 to Sept. 14, 1956. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. For prospectus apply Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance.

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ALDERMAN Fred Henderson on his 90th birthday writes on "British Labour & the Soviet Union." Sancho Panza writes his satire, "N.A.T.O.—Fact or Fiction?" on the 7th anniversary of the Atlantic Pact. R. Palme Dutt on "The Vision Splendid." All in the April "Labour Monthly," from all agents 1s. 6d. Or by a half-year postal sub. 9s. from NS., 134 Ballards Lane, N.3.

ANNOUNCEMENT: the new monthly illus. magazine "British Soviet Friendship" will appear on Apr. 10. Sixteen pages *4d.* (Ann. Sub. *5s. 6d.* p.f.) Send for specimen copy (1½*d.* stamp) to B.S.F., 36 Spencer St., London, E.C.1. Contributors include Lord Chorley, Sir Beverley Baxter, M.P., etc.

"THO' Cowards Flinch." Democracy, Power and Socialism in the Labour Party, by Hugh Jenkins and Walter Wolfgang, supported by 12 Labour M.Ps. Published by Future and V.F.S. Single copy 10d., 12 copies 8s., 50 copies £1 2s. 6d. post free from Future, 58 Paddington St., W.1.

WANTED: Borkenau, Bukharin, James, Rosenberg, Trotsky; books/pamphlets. Box 3178.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

MONTHLY Review.—An independent Socialist magazine. Discusses with clarity and simplicity of style the development of socialism all over the world. Edited in New York by Leo Huberman and Paul Sweezy. Annual subscription 25s. London Representative, P. B. Price, 48 Balcombe Street, N.W.1.

SEVERAL axes and a good, flinty style to grind them on: Tynan observed of "Encore," radical, literate drama q'trly. New issue—O'Casey, Brecht, Actors' Studio. 4s. yearly, 52 Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7.

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SUNNY 2-room flat New Southgate to let furnished. Constant hot water, own ckg. facs. Overlooking park, near Underground. 2½gns. Suit 1 lady. ENT. 1886. Box 3635.

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HIGHGATE Woods. Beaut. dble. div.-rms. 2½ & 3gns. Also sgle. TUD. 8207.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

LYRIC, Hammersmith. (RIV. 4432.) Evgs. 7.30. Thurs., Sats. 3.0. Andre Morell, Leo McKern, Kynaston Reeves & Philip Bondin. Naval drama. "The Good Sailor." Adapted from novel by Herman Melville.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 7.30 ex. M., St. Sn. 5 & 8. Comedy of Errors. Mems.

UNITY. Sartre's "Nekrassov." Fri., Sat., Sun., 7.15. Mems. only. EUS. 5391.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Ealing Comedy Season. Until Apr. 8: The Lavender Hill Mob (U). From Apr. 9: Whisky Galore! (A).

NATIONAL Film Th. South Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., Apr. 7. Marlon Brando, Vivien Leigh in "A Streetcar Named Desire" (X). Dir.: Elia Kazan. 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

ROXY Rep. Cin. BAY. 2345. Apr. 8, From Here to Eternity (A). Bait (X).

ASIAN Music Circle (Pres.: Yehudi Menuhin)—Music and Dances of Indonesia on Apr. 16 at 8 p.m., at French Inst., Queensberry Place, S.W.7 (nr. Sth. Ken. Stn.). Future mtgs. on Music of Tagore, of Persia, Ceylon, etc. Seminars and Classes. Frthr. inf. from Sec., A.M.C., 18 Fitzalan Rd., N.3. Tel. FIN. 2934.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sat., April 7, 8-11. Dancing to Don Simmons Group. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

THE Continental Club, 15 Baker St., W.1, holds Dances every Sat and Sun. from 8 p.m., and has foreign language classes every Tues. from 8.15 p.m. Unique continental atmosphere. For partics. write Sec. or please call at Club.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall, Sat., April 14, at 3 p.m. "The Royal Festival Hall Organ." Organist: Ralph Downes. Speaker: Felix Aphrahamian. Lecture-recital to show the character and uses of the Royal Festival Hall Organ. Musical illustrations will include Toccata & Fugue in D minor, Bach, and Variations and Toccata from Symphony No. 5, Widor. Tickets 3*s.* 6*d.* (WAT. 3191).

BEETHOVEN Concerts. Royal Festival Hall. Sun., Apr. 8 at 3. Iso Elinson plays 5 Sonatas (Moonlight, Appassionata, Ops. 78, 110, 111). Mon., Apr. 9 at 8. L.P.O., Weldon, Edna Iles. Symphonies 7 and 8, Emperor Concerto. From 3s. 6d. WAT. 3191. Mgt. N. Choveaux.

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Concert of 18th Century Music. Scarlatti, W. F. Bach, Couperin, Bach. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Rm. Sat., Apr. 7, 8.15. WAT. 3191.

RECITAL. Constance Shacklock (mezzo-soprano) and Alex Murray (flute). Prokofiev flute sonata. Sun. April 22, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 3s. 6d. (S.C.R. and students 2s. 6d.). Refmts.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show dly. 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. Illus. catalogue. 1*s.* 6*d.* post free.

JAPANESE Porcelain, an Exhibition organised by the Oriental Ceramic Society. Christian Rohlfs, an Arts Council Exhibition of paintings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till April 28. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. and Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s. to both exhibitions.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Recent Paintings by Ceri Richards; Erich Kahn; and Peter Oliver. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes April 28.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. First one-man Exhibition of David Tinker. March 28-Apr. 21.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St., Soho, W.1. F. N. Souza, new pntgs. Dly. 11-6.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. Wellcome Building, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Exhibitions: The Story of Pharmacy; Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Br. Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri. Adm. free.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. "The Seasons" C.A.S. Exhibition at the Tate Gallery, until April 15.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Josef Herman: Paintings & Drawings, 1940-56. Daily 11-6; Sun. 2-6. Closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Enamels & Paintings by Stefan Knapp. Until April 21.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: 1st London Exhibition—Avigdor Arikha. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. Until Apr. 28. 142 New Bond St., W.1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Recent Paintings by L. S. Lowry. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Opening April 11: First London exhib. Paintings by Boussard: Pailès: Parker. Until May 5. Dly. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

"PARIS-Londres" Pictures recently acquired in France by Degas, Pissaro, Monet, Corot, Rouault, Gromaire, Legueult. 9.30-6. Sat. 9.30-1. Tooth's, 31 Bruton St. W.1

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Wed., April 11, 8 p.m. Jazz: personal choice presented by George Chisholm. Bessie & Billie; Blues in Transition by Charles Fox and Vic Bellerby. Mems. 1s. 6d., guests 2s. 6d. Thurs., April 12, at Mezzanine Cinema, Shell Mex House, Strand, W.C.2, 8 p.m. Film show. Films as an Instrument of Communication. Adm. free; application for tickets in advance essential. GRO. 6186.

FREUD Centenary Lectures: Friends House, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1. The lectures will begin at 8.30 p.m. April 13, Mrs. M. Milner, "Psycho-Analysis and Art." April 17, Dr. D. W. Winnicott, "Psycho-Analysis and the Sense of Guilt." April 24, Mr. R. Money-Kyrle, "Psycho-Analysis and Philosophy." April 27, Dr. E. Jaques, "Psycho-Analysis and Social Problems in Industry." May 1, Dr. J. Bowlby, "Psycho-Analysis and Child Care." May 8, Miss I. Hellman, "Psycho-Analysis and the Teacher." Tickets 4s. each or 1gn for the series at the door, or in advance from the British Psycho-Analytical Society, 63, New Cavendish St., London, W.1.

RECENT Political Developments in Israel & the Middle East. Speaker: The Hon. Edwin Samuel, C.M.G., on Thurs., Apr. 12 at 6.15 p.m., in Committee Room 3, Church House, Dean's Yard, S.W.1. Chair.: The Rt. Hon. Lord Pakenham. Admission 2*s.*

FATHER Huddleston speaks at a Public Meeting—a Statement on S. Africa, & questions. Mon., April 23, Central Hall, Westminster, 7.30. Buffet avail. Tkts. now: 2*s.* 6*d.* res., 1*s.* unres. from Christian Action, 2 Amen Ct., E.C.4 (CIT. 6869) or from the Africa Bureau, 30 Old Queen Street, S.W.1.

"DEMOCRACY within the Labour Party," Saturday, April 7, 2.30. Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1. Speakers: Geoffrey Bing, Q.C., Hugh Jenkins, Discussion. Chairman: Fred Messer, M.P. All Labour Party members welc. Org. by Victory For Socialism. Adm. at door 1s. 6d.

WHAT happened at the 20th Congress of the Soviet Communist Party? R. Palme Dutt was there and will report to the people of Hampstead at the Hampstead Town Hall, Wednesday, April 11, 8 p.m. Admission 6d.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, April 8, 6.30, Music & Readings. 7 p.m., M. L. Burnet: "The Compulsion to Believe in the Supernatural."

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. PAR. 7379. Fri., Apr. 6, 8 p.m. Count Benckendorff, "Recollections," Sat., Apr. 7, 8 p.m. Talk (in Russian) by Nicolas Malko.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8, at 6 p.m. April 14. Dr. V. E Fry. "Heine als Dichter und Prophet."

POLITICS of the Future: Week-end Apr. 20 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. "The Catholic Left," Fr. Langdale. Wed., April 11, 7.30, 2 Bloomsbury Sq. Vis. 2s.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre. Swami Ghananananda, Kingsway Hall, Holborn. Thurs., 7.30 p.m. April 12. Bhagavad-Gita. All welc. Sun. 5 p.m. at Centre, 68 Dukes Avenue, N.10, for mems. & friends, Meditation & Discourse.

PROGRESSIVE League Sociology Group. Wed., Apr. 11, 7.30. 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington (East of Barkers): Prof. T. H. Pear on "A Psychologist's View of Social Classes in England."

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1 Wed., April 11, 6.30. First of Two Public Lectures: "Buddhism & Western Psychology," W. S. Karunaratne, M.A.—Read "The Middle Way," 2s. 6d. quarterly. Information EUS. 7770. Buddha Jubilee Year 2500 begins 24.5.56.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Br., Fri., March 13, 8.30. Philip Rodden, "Hugo Wolf & the Italien Liederland." 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2, off Leinster Terr.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian dialogue between Kathleen Nott and J. B. Coates: "Are there two or more truths?" Conway Hall, Tuesday, April 10, 7.30 p.m.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

PSYCHOLOGY and Physiology. Six-lecture study course on work of Pavlov, incl. films. Fortnightly from April 20. Course 10s. (S.C.R. 7s. 6d.). Each lecture 2s. (S.C.R. 1s. 6d.). Send s.a.e. for particulars of reading lists etc., S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

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UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Applications are invited for admission in session 1956-57 to the course leading to the Diploma in the Psychology of Childhood. This is a one-year full-time course for qualified teachers (whether graduates or not) who wish to equip themselves for work in training colleges, remedial education services, and specialist advisory appointments in education. Candidates must be qualified teachers with some teaching or other relevant experience; those whose teaching experience amounts to at least 5 years may be eligible for secondment on full salary by their Local Education Authorities, or alternatively for grant from the Ministry of Education. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Head of the Education Dept., The University, Edmund St., Birmingham, 3. The number of places avail. is limited and applications should be submitted as early as possible. G. L. Barnes, Secretary.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Applications are invited for admission in session 1956-57 to the course leading to the Post-Graduate Diploma in Educational Psychology. This is a one-year full-time course providing training (recognised by the British Psychological Society's Committee of Professional Psychologists) for teachers wishing to qualify as educational psychologists in child guidance clinics & school psychological services. Candidates must have an honours degree in psychology or its equiv., and have had at least 2 years' teaching experience. Qualified teachers whose previous teaching experience is not less than 5 years may be eligible for secondment on full salary by their Local Education Authorities, or alternatively for grant from the Ministry of Education. Provisional applications will be received from otherwise qualified candidates who are in the final year of their degree crse. Further partics. and forms of application may be obtained from the Head of the Education Dept., The University, Edmund St., Birmingham, 3. The number of places avail. is limited, and applications should be submitted as early as possible. G. L. Barnes, Secretary.

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

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UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Course of Training in Youth Leadership and Organisation. The College conducts, in the Department of Education, a full-time Course for the training of Youth Leaders & Organisers extending over one session. Further inform. & forms of applic. for admis. to the Course may be obtained from the Professor of Education, Univ. College, Singleton Park, Swansea. Ministry of Education grants are avail. for approved candidates.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Diploma in Social Science. The College offers in October, 1956, a full-time course extending over 2 Sessions leading to the Diploma in Social Science. For graduates the length of the course may be reduced to 1 session. Full dets. & forms of application may be obtained from: Registrar, Univ. College, Singleton Pk., Swansea.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers, with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

THE Religious Drama Society of Great Britain is holding its annual School of Drama at King Alfred's College, Winchester, from Mon., Aug. 13-Wed., Aug. 22, 1956 Full dets. of the School and the Society are obtainable from: The Religious Drama Society of Great Britain, S.P.C.K. House, Northumberland Ave., W.C.2.

PAINTING for pleasure, a Summer School at Hove. Sept. 2-9. The course offers individual instruction in Painting and Appreciation of Art, and those seeking further knowledge as well as those beginning should find it stimulating. Fee for the course: Six guineas. Limited accommodation available if required at 5½ gns. Applications to: The Principal, Mrs. S. Coleman, The Studio, 1 The Drive, Hove, Sussex.

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